

The Nation

June 9, 1984 \$1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAG

Donald Duck and the Screen Actors Guild are both fifty years old this year, and Hollywood has marked the milestones with network television specials. As entertainment, the duck's show will probably outshine the guild's. Middle-aged cartoons keep their spirit and charm when middle-aged unions begin to slow and sag. But off screen and tube, the guild, which launched the political career of our President and for that alone bears watching, still offers more than quackery to the American audience. It knows how to play a scene of crackling controversy, and it stands as a living history lesson about the possibilities—and pitfalls—of performance and politics.

In its early days, SAG was in the vanguard of labor leftism, fighting good fights from Spain to Santa Monica. Beaten into conformity by McCarthyism, it acquiesced to the witch hunt and demanded loyalty oaths from its members. In his previous presidential role, guild head Ronald Reagan played the familiar character of amiable communicator, condemning the era's blacklist morality while observing its tenets.

Recently, SAG has made a political comeback. Under president Ed Asner, it has joined causes it home and abroad—the air-traffic controllers' strike and the nuclear freeze, for two. But that does not sit well with a minority of actors, led by Charlton Heston, who have formed an anti-Asner coalition with a decidedly neoconservative bent.

The Hestonites hate the idea that the guild is the A.F.L.-C.I.O., that it behaves like a regular labor union and that its members are considered workers as well as artists. But the Asnerists have the reality of the industry on their side: only a few of SAG's 55,000 members are high-priced stars. The rest are underemployed or out of work as actors, and only the guild makes them strong. For them, SAG's life begins at fifty.

**HAIL THE
ANHINGA**
Edward
Hoagland

**ISRAELI
SOLDIERS'
RESISTANCE**
Josh Gamson

**BLACK BABY
DEATHS**
Michael Robin

**SWEETZY AND
MAGDOFF**
Alexander
Cockburn

**GIDGET GOES
TO DETROIT**
Margo Howard

**'INDIANA
JONES'**
Andrew
Kopkind

CENTRAL AMERICA WAR GAMES MANEUVERS IN SEARCH OF AN INVASION

MICHAEL T. KLARE

The United States stands poised at the brink of the abyss of full-fledged intervention in Central America. Despite President Reagan's *pro forma* denials at press conferences, his commitment to an increased military presence in the region is no longer doubted in Washington; only the timing and nature of his next moves remain in question. Most analysts believe Reagan will wait until after the election, when his trigger-happy image will no longer concern him or his White House advisers. Past U.S. military behavior and the tempo of current operations, however, suggest that the escalation could come sooner—as early as August or September, when thousands of U.S. troops will be in Honduras for what the Pentagon calls extended maneuvers.

A clue to the Administration's plan lies in the format of the recurring war games that have been staged in Central America since the beginning of 1983. Each successive exercise has resulted in an expanded U.S. presence in the region and an augmented U.S. role in supporting Salvadoran government forces and anti-Sandinista *contras*.

The first major exercise, Big Pine I, was held in February 1983. U.S. troops assisted Honduran forces in repelling a mock invasion from "Corinto," an allusion to nearby Nicaragua, which has a major port by that name. In addition, U.S. Army engineers improved the dirt airstrip at Puerto Lempira in the Miskito region of eastern Honduras, setting a precedent for using the maneuvers as a cover for the construction of military bases. That tactic has been employed in every exercise since.

(Continued on Page 706)

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

THE U.S. ROLE IN ZAIRE

Arlington, Va.

I agree with Jonathan Kwitny that Mobutu's Zaire is one of the world's most corrupt regimes, though I am no longer in a position to confirm or dispute his juicy details ["Where Mobutu's Millions Go," *The Nation*, May 19]. But as a retired Foreign Service officer who was First Secretary in the U.S. Embassy in Brussels at the time of Zaire's independence (1960) and was later transferred to the Office of Central African Affairs in the State Department, I can, with some conviction, challenge his statements that "the Eisenhower Administration stained the U.S. Constitution by overthrowing the legitimate government of the Belgian Congo, now named Zaire," and that the Mobutu regime is "the government we implanted there."

When the independent Republic of the Congo took office on June 30, 1960, with Belgium's blessing, Patrice Lumumba's M.N.C. Party held just 30 percent of the seats in the newly elected Parliament. The other seats belonged to regional parties which did not share the new Prime Minister's preference for a centralized government—a preference shared in principle by the United States, incidentally. Within two weeks, the army mutinied against its white officers, there was a panicky exodus of Europeans and intertribal fighting exploded. Lumumba called on both Moscow and Washington for help. The fact that the Soviet response seemed more visible—while the United States preferred to get the United Nations involved—was probably a minor element in the complex of factors that caused President Kasavubu, the chief of state, to dismiss Lumumba in September and govern through a nonparty "college" of university graduates, supported by the new army Chief of Staff, Joseph Mobutu, who finally assumed power in 1965.

I do not contend that the United States had no role or influence. Within a few years we were major suppliers of aid, and the C.I.A. probably joined the Europeans in subsidizing individual politicians. More recent publications have conclusively proved that some individuals in the C.I.A. toyed with the idea of having Lumumba assassinated, but I assert with assurance that the United States was not responsible for the dismissal and subsequent death of Lumumba. Our economic interest in the country was relatively minor. I've calculated that at the time of independence, American companies held about 1 percent of the country's total foreign investment.

I don't mind agreeing with Moscow's version of historical events on the rare occasions it is accurate. But I object to accepting their interpretation by reflex or a misguided sense of national guilt. We've made enough real blunders; let's reserve our remorse for those.

Armistead M. Lee

KWITNY REPLIES

New York City

While *The Nation* was kind enough to excerpt the sixth chapter of *Endless Enemies*, it obviously couldn't run the whole book. The fourth and fifth chapters, which cover some thirty-six pages, should show Armistead Lee, or anyone else, that his letter is completely wrong in its explanation of Congolese history, which is, to a large extent, American history. The cables passed back and forth among Lee's superiors at the time, from which I quote copiously, prove that he, like me and millions of other Americans, was hoodwinked.

The United States planned and executed a bloody coup that removed Patrice Lumumba, the only popularly chosen leader Congo/Zaire has ever had, and installed Mobutu. Lumumba's forced removal was orchestrated by President Eisenhower and his Director of Central Intelligence, Allen Dulles, and by other U.S. officials, down to the most grisly details. It was the first overthrow of a government in postcolonial Africa, and it set the pattern for many others, a pattern decidedly against the United States' true interests in the region.

Moreover, the record shows that Lumumba never veered from his pledges to uphold private property and multiparty democracy, and might have freed the market for Zaire's minerals, ending monopoly control (that was the problem, of course). Mobutu has crushed both political and market freedom. The alleged Soviet intervention was mostly a hoax; our intervention was much earlier and consistently greater. And the man most vocal in the cover-up of U.S. intervention in the early years after the coup, U.N. ambassador Adlai Stevenson, was, before taking office, the lawyer for Maurice Tempelman, an American diamond tycoon who received many valuable favors from his close relationship with Mobutu, and who showed Stevenson around Africa. Besides Stevenson, Tempelman also hired—and still employs—Larry Devlin, the C.I.A. station chief who stalked Lumumba with a telescopically sighted gun and poison toothpaste, and who coached Mobutu through the coup and through his administration.

Other chapters of the book would reveal to Lee that the same thing was happening, and has continued to happen, not only elsewhere in Africa but throughout Latin America and Asia, creating "enemies" that confront the United States today, where none need have existed.

Jonathan Kwitny

YOU READ IT HERE FIRST

New York City

It struck me as somewhat curious that in their May 12 *Nation* article, "How the Military Cooked the Books," Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir refer to "a less detailed version" of the CBS story that had "sur-

faced several years earlier," without saying who wrote it or where it was published. Odder still, the Schneirs mention the writer and editor of this version but fail to credit them.

For the record, *Harper's* published as its May 1975 cover story the detailed revelation that the Army falsified Vietcong troop strength. The article was written by Sam Adams, the C.I.A. analyst who apparently was the first to discover that the Army and C.I.A. (Adams included) had greatly underestimated the number of rebel troops. The *Harper's* contributing editor who handled Adams's story was George Crile, the producer of the CBS documentary. Interestingly, Adams wrote that as late as 1972 he also argued to his C.I.A. superiors that the official estimate of Khmer Rouge troops was absurdly low: "The Cambodian affair seemed to me a repeat of the Vietnam one; the same people made the same mistakes in precisely the same ways, and everybody was allowed to conceal his duplicity."

I think *Nation* readers ought to know that the substance of this story was published seven years before CBS broadcast its documentary and perhaps should ask why Westmoreland chose to sue when he did.

John R. MacArthur
Publisher, *Harper's*

THE SCHNEIRS REPLY

Pleasantville, N.Y.

Our mention of "a less detailed version" of the story referred to the 1973 testimony of former C.I.A. analyst Sam Adams at the Pentagon papers trial and, of course, to the later *Harper's* article and Pike committee hearings. This earlier version, although highly interesting, was provided primarily by Adams. The CBS documentary elaborated on these allegations with many previously unavailable firsthand accounts from C.I.A. and military intelligence officers. In addition, during the past few months extensive new documentary evidence about the deception has been obtained by CBS attorneys using the Freedom of Information Act.

Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir

FOX FUNDS TED'S 'NERDS'

Los Angeles

I write to set the record straight regarding the section titled "He Did It for the Nerds" in Alexander Cockburn's March 3 column ["Beat the Devil," *The Nation*]. Cockburn suggests that money from the sale of the Chicago *Sun-Times* by the Field brothers was used to finance Ted Field's forthcoming motion picture *Revenge of the Nerds*. Although Ted Field is indeed producing *Nerds*, as well as two other motion pictures, all three are financed in their entirety by Twentieth Century Fox and not by Field.

Peter Samuelson
Interscope Communications

CONTENTS.

Volume 238, Number 22

LETTERS

690

EDITORIALS

689 Play it Again, SAG

691 Stingers Strait Up

692 A Way Out

Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley

693 Hail the Anhinga

Edward Hoagland

COLUMNS

694 Beat the Devil

Alexander Cockburn

ARTICLES

689 Central America War Games:
Maneuvers in Search

Of an Invasion

Michael T. Klare

696 Israeli Soldiers' Resistance:

The Limits of Conscience

Josh Gamson

698 Black Babies:

A Right to the Tree of Life

Michael Robin

700 Civil Liberties After Reagan:

Don't Count on the Courts

Aryeh Neier

702 A Chat With Sweezy and Magdoff:

Can Capitalism Be Saved?

Alexander Cockburn

BOOKS & THE ARTS

709 Cunningham: Powerplay:

What Really Happened at Bendix

Margo Howard

710 G.O.P. Elephant Jokes

Hugo Flesch

711 Buckley: Violent Neighbors:

El Salvador, Central America, and

The United States

Joanne Kenen

712 Wills: Cincinnatus:

George Washington

And the Enlightenment

Tom Chaffin

713 Films

Andrew Kopkind

713 A Nest of Mice (poem)

Dave Smith

714 Theater

Paul Berman

716 Dance

Mindy Aloff

Drawings by Robert Grossman

Editor, Victor Navasky

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Executive Editor, Zachary Sklar; *Associate Editor*, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Eric Etheridge; *Literary Editor*, Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor*, Maria Margaronis; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors*, Anthony Borden, Judith Long, Art Winslow; *Carey McWilliams Fellow*, Jane Oski; *Interns*, David Bank, Phyllis Burns, Karen FitzGerald, Richard Greenberg, Chris Ladd, Douglas Lavin. *On leave*, Kai Bird, Richard Lingeman, Katha Pollitt.

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager*, Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper*, Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Manager*, Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager*, Cooke V. Klein; *Classified Advertising Manager*, George Monaco; *Receptionist*, Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Sharleen Leahey, Mark Rausher; *Nation Associates*, Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service*, Jeff Sorensen.

Departments: *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Films*, Robert Hatch; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton; *Correspondents*: *Washington, D.C.*, Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *London*, Raymond Williams; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors*: Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Dispatches*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors*: Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board*: James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1984 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address*: Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, \$40; two years, \$72; six months, \$20. Add \$7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; \$13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days, foreign) of publication date; back issues available \$3 prepaid (\$4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation*, Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

EDITORIALS.

Stingers Strait Up

American foreign policy consists largely of peddling weapons that do not work to countries that do not need them for causes that are futile. As with Pershings to the West Germans and cruise missiles to the Dutch, so with Stingers to the Saudis. The Pentagon presents a stirring image of kaffiyeh-clad soldiers with launchers packed on their backs, shooting Iranian F-4s as they dive on an oil tanker. But the reality is decidedly less triumphant. The thirty-five-pound, shoulder-fired missile is about

as accurate as a peashooter against an osprey in full flight. The Egyptians, who used a Soviet weapon similar to the Stinger in the 1973 Yom Kippur war, fired some 5,000 of the missiles and bagged no more than half a dozen Israeli jets. The Stinger may glint prettily against the azure sky, but it is rarely worth its light weight. Looks 10, works 1.

The United States has been showering military hardware on the Saudis ever since the revolution in Iran made that country useless as the protector of American oil interests in the Middle East. So great is the deluge, however, that the King's men cannot possibly deploy all the weapons efficiently with the available manpower. Pakistanis have to be im-

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE 37614
JUN 11 1984
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ported to fly the planes; Kuwaitis and Yemenis run many of the maintenance operations. The oil glut has thus given the Saudis the wherewithal to amass a weapons glut that benefits no one except U.S. arms manufacturers.

The principal purpose of the Stinger shipment is not military but political. Washington builds up the power of its far-flung surrogates as an extension of American might, not primarily to wage war but to assert control. Israel fears that the Saudi missiles will someday be turned against it, but in the State Department's view there is no contradiction between arms sales to Arabs and arms sales to Jews. Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Egypt, Iraq, Pakistan, the Sudan, the Gulf sheikdoms: all are armed under the supposition that they will be friends of the United States, not enemies of Israel.

Unfortunately, the supposition is more likely than not to prove false. The Arabs almost certainly will use their high-tech aid against one another or against opponents in their own states or against Israel. For their part, the Israelis hardly shrink from using their American weapons aggressively when opportunities arise—striking against an Iraqi installation or moving into Lebanon, to give two recent examples.

The Persian Gulf war is a messy affair with a tangle of odd alliances, an oversupply of villains and no heroes at all. The United States is trying to glean some advantage from the situation by tilting toward Iraq, embracing Saudi Arabia and hoping that Khomeini's Iran will be defeated. That amounts to an intervention by degrees, which is not so dramatic as a landing of troops but which nonetheless can lead to its own quagmire.

If it were to take the rational course, the Reagan Administration would use the opportune moment to get a settlement in the region. To do that, it would have to withhold arms shipments to Gulf states and press for diplomatic solutions. But the rational course appears closed for the duration. There's no reason to believe that Reagan favors military cutbacks abroad any more than he does at home. In both cases, military madness takes us far from the prospect of peace.

A Way Out

While the Reagan Administration approaches direct military intervention in El Salvador, the Salvadoran guerrillas represented by the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. have been pushing for a negotiated settlement to the conflict. Unlike the architects of Reagan's adventurism, the guerrillas seem to recognize that a military victory for either side would have disastrous consequences for the people of El Salvador.

In early February, the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. issued a proposal for negotiations leading to the formation of a provisional government in El Salvador. A result of the Revolutionary Democratic Front's work to overcome internal resistance to negotiations from the five guerrilla groups that make up the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front, the proposal reflects the ascendancy within the coalition of more moderate groups—at least in diplomatic efforts.

The proposal calls for the establishment of "a broadly based provisional government . . . [that] will reflect the broad participation of political and social forces wishing to eliminate the oligarchical regime and regain sovereignty and independence in a country where private property and foreign investment will not run counter to the interests of society." A junta would be formed, as well as a state council which would include representatives of the labor movement, peasant groups, universities, political parties, the business sector, professional groups, the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. and the national army (once it has been purged of those responsible for murders and torture).

The junta would immediately take a series of twenty measures, among them: the organization of elections; the repeal of the state of siege; the release of all political prisoners; a guarantee of democratic rights, including those of labor unions; the dissolution of the death squads and their political branch, the Arena Party; the withdrawal of U.S. advisers; investigations and trials of those arrested for violations of human rights; the reopening of the National University of El Salvador; and a literacy campaign.

The proposal also calls for an agrarian reform program, the establishment of cooperatives for small farmers, a debt moratorium for small and medium-size businesses, price controls on basic foodstuffs, a renegotiation of the foreign debt, Salvadoran control of the banking system and of key exports such as coffee and sugar cane, the channeling of foreign investment to meet social needs, and improved housing and social security programs.

In foreign policy, the guerrillas' plan indicates their desire for diplomatic relations with all countries. Pledging "not to allow foreign military bases and/or missiles in [Salvadoran] territory," they ask the United States to agree not to destabilize the provisional government; in addition, they promise to prohibit the movement of foreign arms and troops through Salvadoran territory.

Since the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. is a coalition of communists and noncommunists, the proposal is carefully worded so that it cannot easily be dismissed as a set of dictates from Moscow, Havana or Managua. "We are not so foolish as to challenge the U.S. government and to live as if we were in 1917, 1959 or 1979," says Hector Oqueli, a member of the F.D.R./F.M.L.N.'s diplomatic mission in Mexico City. "It is 1984, we are very close to the United States and whether we like it or not, an actor named Ronald Reagan is President."

To implement its proposal, the coalition calls for "a direct dialogue without preconditions" between the guerrillas, the armed forces and the government of El Salvador. Once negotiations are under way, the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. says it is willing to call for a cease-fire leading to the formation of a national army that will include guerrilla units.

The guerrillas have been pursuing a double-track policy—pushing for military victories while holding out for a negotiated settlement—in hopes of preventing massive U.S. intervention and a widening of the war throughout Central America.

The election of José Napoleón Duarte as President offers a slim possibility for a breakthrough. Duarte has said that he favors negotiations, and his overall political stance is not

that far from the proposals laid out by the guerrillas. But can Duarte remain in power long enough to purge the military of those connected with the death squads? And will the Reagan Administration allow him to negotiate?

Over the past three years the United States has flirted with the idea of negotiations. In 1982, the State Department proposed restructuring the military and implementing agrarian reforms outlined in 1979, but it talked only vaguely of a dialogue with the opposition. Last year special Presidential envoy Richard Stone met with the guerrillas but nothing came of their discussions. In his latest address on the subject, President Reagan stated that he supports the "objectives" of the Contadora group, which has called for a negotiated settlement. But a State Department representative explains, "We've said all along that we are in favor of negotiations, but not in power sharing."

All that adds up to no progress toward negotiations. The alternative of a military solution, however, presents overwhelming risks. "A [guerrilla] military victory is a very big possibility," says Oqueli. "But we are totally conscious of what it would mean. The closer we come to a military victory, the closer we will be to massive U.S. intervention."

That leaves negotiations as the only satisfactory way out. The tragedy is that it could take years of protracted warfare before a new U.S. President or a chastened Reagan comes around to the position that the guerrillas have so clearly put forth.

BOB GOTTLIEB AND PETER WILEY

Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley's weekly column, "Points West," appears in twenty-five newspapers. Their latest book, America's Saints: The Rise of Mormon Power, will be published in the summer by Putnam.

Hail the Anhinga

The anhinga is a big snake-necked, dagger-billed, darkish bird with silver on its wings. It's all but peerless at catching fish in Southern swamps, and doesn't wait like a statuesque heron for food to swim to it, but tucking its wings against its sides, kicks fast underwater, ruddering with its tail. Then it emerges to flourish, flip and gulp headfirst its piscatorial prey (or a crayfish, baby turtle, baby alligator). Afterward, as if to complement such mastery underwater, it may soar slowly aloft in towering circles on the thermals, like a hawk or buzzard, to entertain itself; and lays blue eggs and talks in grunts.

A darter, snakebird, water turkey—some local names give an idea of the anhinga's personality. It speeds sinuously through the water, and if it tasted better, might well resemble a slender turkey, if turkeys could both swim and soar. Indeed, being superbly at home in the water and the sky should make the anhinga a superbird—except for one poignant evolutionary flaw. It lacks the adequate preening glands with which, for instance, ducks and geese waterproof their feathers; so it would actually drown if it stayed in the water too long and its plumage got water-

logged. Nor can it fly until its wings are dry.

A flightless bird is terribly at risk, and even on bright days the anhinga stands spread-eagled facing the sun for lengthy periods between deep chases after fish. On cloudy days it has to skimp severely on its meals. Rainy days, it nearly fasts, posturing itself as straight as possible so gravity will make the wet run off. And when the weather clears, if you approach an anhinga with its wings spread to the sun before its feathers are dry enough for it to fly, it will plunge back underwater and get soaked all over again.

Flawed brilliance, or any marvelous facility greatly handicapped, is fascinating. Deaf Beethoven, Franklin Roosevelt waging war: any one of us approaching Homer's "doorsill into old age." Think of the anhinga—nonpareil underwater but dragged down if it stays too long—triumphant when soaring high but looking for a sanctuary from which to warm its plumage enough to fly.

EDWARD HOAGLAND

Edward Hoagland is the author of African Calliope, Notes from the Century Before (both Random House) and other books.

REVIEWING THE 'NATION' CASE

Last week the Supreme Court agreed to decide *Harper & Row v. The Nation* (No. 83-1632). As *The New York Times* reported, "The Court's action today set the stage for a potentially important ruling on the relation between copyright law and the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of the press."

The Court will review last year's ruling by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit that *The Nation's* story about former President Gerald Ford's memoirs, particularly his account of pardoning Richard Nixon, was not an infringement of the Copyright Act. Even though the story appeared before the memoirs were published, the appeals court found, the Copyright Act could not be used to "chill the activities of the press" or to "impede the harvest of knowledge so necessary to a democratic state" [see Victor Navasky, "What's New on What's Really News," *The Nation*, December 3, 1983].

Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* brought suit against *The Nation* after *Time* canceled its plans to print excerpts from the Ford memoirs and withheld payment to the publishers. Because of the *Nation* story, *Time* had asked permission to print the excerpts a week earlier than scheduled, but Harper & Row refused. By the time the case has made it through the Supreme Court, Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* will have spent more than \$250,000 in legal fees to recover their 10 percent share of the \$12,500 that *Time* would have paid former President Ford.

The Nation has been represented by Floyd Abrams, of Cahill Gordon & Reindel, the American Civil Liberties Union and Leon Friedman, of counsel, all donating their services.

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

Memory Bank in Vienna



ripping down a street in Vienna I listened to two American tourists nervously discussing the latest news about the condition of Manufacturers Hanover. The exchange rate posted each morning in Austrian hotels had already shown a drop in the strength of Volcker's dollar against the schilling. Perhaps, the tourists suggested to each other, they should convert their American Express traveler's checks without delay.

I was in this particular street, the Linke Wienzeile, to admire numbers 38 and 40, among the finest buildings of Otto Wagner's Jugendstil period, the Majolica House and its equally attractive neighbor, both painstakingly restored to all their colorful glory. Listening idly to the tourists' fears, I realized with a start that we were all staring history in the face. The first floor of number 38 is a branch office of the Credit-Anstalt bank.

As the world tumbled into depression after the great crash of 1929, Credit-Anstalt was one of the milestones along the road to disaster. In May 1931 the bank, saddled with loan losses still listed as assets and buckled by a sudden withdrawal of French credits, began to totter. International negotiations to provide guarantees to Credit-Anstalt's creditors collapsed when the Bank of England demanded repayment of a \$7 million loan, thus marking—as one economic historian has put it—Britain's demise as the lender of last resort. Credit-Anstalt had to close its doors.

The banking crisis rolled on through Europe. Next, in July, it was the turn of the German banks, and within weeks, that of the British. Lunatic policies of deflation were espoused in these countries. Amid roars that the unemployed were being sacrificed by a "bankers' ramp," MacDonald's Labor government in Britain fell. On September 16, 1931, the sailors at Invergordon mutinied, and as Charles Kindleberger remarks in *The World in Depression*, "If the Royal Navy were to go, how long would that other mainstay of nineteenth-century liberalism last—the gold standard run by the City of London?" Britain went off the gold standard on September 21.

In Germany, Brüning continued to assault living standards and earned the name Hunger Chancellor. Unemployment rose steadily and with it the appeal of the Nazis. The signpost represented by Credit-Anstalt pointed to Hitler's ultimate accession as Chancellor on January 30, 1933.

Downhill All the Way

I was in Vienna to attend a conference largely preoccupied with the international economic crisis, particularly as it affects the Third World. As the participants pondered the run against Continental Illinois and the rumors about Manufacturers Hanover, one could sense the quickening step of

history. I remarked to William Clark, the British writer and apostle of development, that all the most lurid scenarios of international collapse seem to be swiftly coming to pass. The developing countries, now existing mostly as economic mechanisms to service the interest on debts to the major international banks, are entirely unable to fulfill their supposed obligations. Major U.S. banks have been kept from disaster only by the reality or prospect of emergency guarantees by the Fed. Meanwhile, tanker traffic in the Persian Gulf is at a standstill.

Clark gave a cry of anguish. His own scenario of collapse—a novel titled *Cataclysm*, premised on trouble in Mexico and the Persian Gulf region—is not due to be published in the U.K. until July and not in America until September. If economic night must fall, let it not come, he prayed, until after Labor Day. Perhaps his prayers will be answered. There's a surplus of oil on the world market, and given the speed and infinity of Federal guarantees to the two U.S. banks, something seems to have been learned from the 1930s.

It is quite striking, all the same, to contemplate the differences when finance rather than industrial capital is in trouble. When Chrysler reeled, the air thickened with calls to let it burn in the cauterizing fires of the marketplace. Its directors were admonished for folly and its workers for greed. With the banks a very different scene presents itself. No Hart or Stockman here to denounce a bailout; no caustic Congressional scrutiny of Continental Illinois's long record of imprudence. In the case of the banks, we have the capitalists' fondest dream: limitless nationalization of losses, with full retention of private ownership and the ability to register losses as assets and shore up dividends. Reagan should make his next discourse on the magic of the marketplace from behind the discount window of the Federal Reserve.

Puppets in the Platz

No better place, aside from Finland, than Vienna to realize the benefits of Finlandization. The unemployment rate in Austria is about 5 percent and the economy, nourished by trade both East and West, is not in bad shape. Although only one in four working-class children in Austria has a shot at a college education, fourteen years of mostly Kreisky-led social democracy have gone pretty well, even if the country's nuclear power plant and swelling neo-Nazism are mandatory points in any briefing from the locals.

To brisk up the Vienna Festival this year someone had the idea of making life-size figures—they are called puppets—which are deployed about the streets and squares of the old town. There are several hundred, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups: peasants, businessmen, bohemians, artisans; Superman flying, Superman mangled; half-puppets "immersed" in a blue pool painted on the paving stones. Particularly in twilight these puppets are eerily stimulating. Very late one night I was crossing Stephans-

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

platz, and a group of three people loomed ahead. A seasoned child of Manhattan, I jumped in the air and gave myself up for lost. The puppets mug no one and—surprising to anyone from New York—no one mugs the puppets. All night long they stand unvandalized in those car-free streets which signal social democracy in the ascendant.

The notion behind the puppets was apparently to stress the menace of 1984, with humanity—even Superman—reduced to puppetlike impotence before the darker forces. Most people I met seemed to feel this rather strongly, and the sentiment was articulated powerfully by Shridath (Sonny) Ramphal, Secretary General of the Commonwealth, in a keynote address to the gathering I was attending: “Is not our global reality in 1984 essentially Orwellian?” he asked. “A small superpower directorate with an ‘Inner Party’ of rich countries dedicated to permanent superiority,” with “the poorer states relegated . . . to the lowly position of Orwell’s proles?”

Ramphal spoke of “global totalitarianism,” and if he was diplomatically balanced in reproaching both the United States and the Soviet Union, there was little doubt against whom the odium was directed. There was a fear and hatred of the Reagan Administration among virtually all the conference people I met that was almost palpable enough to touch. “I’ve been pro-American all my life,” one former Austrian diplomat said to me, “but this Administration, I’m convinced, is out to destroy the U.N. and even the O.E.C.D.” No one talked much about the Soviet threat. There was virtual certainty that Reagan would prevail in November.

Der Breakdance

Viennese youth did not seem to share such reservations about North American hegemony. Wandering down Kärntner Strasse one night, I saw the lights of the Jack Daniel’s Disco and a poster advertising *Österreichische Breakdance Meisterschaft*—that is, Austrian Breakdance Competition. Downstairs, the young things, reasonably well-heeled and bourgeois in demeanor, jigged up and down until the *Meisterschaft* commenced.

It was a rum business, I must say. The M.C. would call out a name and then a bouncy lad would hurl himself about like an aerobics instructor who’d had breakdancing explained to him over the telephone. The concept of energy transmission from one dancer to another was entirely absent, as was the infantile, mendicant narcissism which gives New York breakdancing its edgy and distasteful appeal. Blond Willy won by acclamation; he raised his white-gloved hands in the air, banged them against his “Steady Break Crew” T-shirt and did a victory roll on the floor, wagging his Nikes in abandon.

Back at the hotel, the bar was empty except for the sturdy waitress, chatting idly with her protector, a middle-aged Austrian who spent hours sipping wine while fondling with mightily beringed fingers a tiny dog cradled in his lap. U.S. cultural imperialism has many ruses.

Dirndl Kultur

Elaboration of my experiences at the Jack Daniel’s Disco caused one of my Austrian hosts to say sourly that maybe sneakers and the Harlem pimp look were preferable to the progressive folklorization of Austria, embodied in a totem vision of Mozart wearing a dirndl, sitting on a Lippizaner, munching a sacher torte. I could see what she meant. We were in a tavern in Grinzing, at the foot of the Vienna Woods, looking down on the old city. At the next table Austrians were loosening up rapidly with great swigs of supposedly new white Austrian wine, a lethal brew which, some Viennese say malignly, is shipped in by tank truck from Bulgaria and then decanted into more *gemütlich* containers.

The Jugendstil curve and the late nineteenth-century Secession Look are similarly grist to the tourism earnings that are important for Austria’s economy. I was sitting in the Schwartzberg cafe, reading Carl Schorske’s masterly *Fin-de-Siecle Vienna* (there’s a photograph in it of Wagner’s buildings, discussed earlier) when a platoon of some thirty people entered and seated themselves at the string of small tables that had been reserved for them. They were a multinational coachload of tourists, permitting themselves a brief dose of cafe culture. One demitasse of Viennese espresso and they were gone, with some explanatory words from their guide about Karl Kraus wafting back through the door. In a couple years there’ll be an audio-animatronic Freud in the Disney style over on Berggasse, doing ten-minute stints with the Wolf Man, while Klimt’s Judith hauls the head of Holofernes through the corridors of the Belvedere. All the world’s a stage and no better place to realize it than in the old palaces, cafes and streets of Vienna.

Never in Hot Water

As a schoolboy I was always impressed by the Emperor Franz Josef, if only for the immense length of his reign: sixty-eight years, which was longer even than Queen Victoria’s sixty-four, though not quite up to Louis XIV’s magnificent seventy-two.

Franz Josef had his problems with bureaucratic inertia. Though master of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and splendidly equipped with the palaces of Hofburg and Schönbrunn, he could never get a hot bath. Every morning a servant would mix in one kettle of hot water with the cold, and every morning poor Franz Josef would cry plaintively that two kettles of hot water would be much nicer. Once in a while he would positively demand a second kettle, and his chamberlain would explain that this was impossible. It would require changes in personnel and administrative structure. It would cause upheaval in the kitchen. It might, God knows, lead to revolution. So Franz Josef never had a hot bath, and had the misfortune besides to have had his brother Maximilian executed by firing squad in Mexico, his sister-in-law driven mad, his Empress stabbed to death in Geneva and his nephew assassinated at Sarajevo. So it wasn’t all fun being a Hapsburg.

ARTICLES.

■ ISRAELI SOLDIERS' RESISTANCE

The Limits Of Conscience

JOSH GAMSON

Something new is happening in Israel. For the first time, the country has growing within it an organized protest movement made up exclusively of soldiers. Nearly 2,500 reserve soldiers have requested, through a group named Yesh Gvul ("There is a Limit/Border"), not to be sent to Lebanon, and 130 have served prison terms for refusing to go.

Before the war in Lebanon, resistance by soldiers—and particularly refusal—was close to unthinkable in Israel. Despite occasional dissenting letters to the government from small groups of soldiers and some noncompliance in West Bank service, there was no precedent for civil disobedience in the Israeli military. Earlier public protests came almost entirely from civilians. That is not surprising: in Israel the military is a central social force. Three years of every young man's life, and at least a month of reserve duty every year after that up to the age of 56, are spent in it—as are at least two years of every young woman's life. One serves with the same people and grows up with them. Moreover, security is a legitimate Israeli concern, no matter how much the country contributes to the hostilities by its actions or inaction. Thus the dissenting soldiers throw into question one of the basics of Israeli society. At the same time, they see themselves as patriots. Their conflicting loyalties have created an extremely complex dilemma for them and for Israeli society. Almost no one in the country considers the refusers heroes. They are often despised, often feared. Yet as one put it, "People who refuse are no longer from Mars."

They are mostly from Tel Aviv, Jerusalem or kibbutzim; they include farmers, psychologists, teachers, students, even a model and a filmmaker. Like members of most Israeli peace groups, they are predominantly educated Ashkenazim.

Many are versed in Thoreau, and their act is the logical extension of their political beliefs: "In a war of choice, we have no choice but not to participate." Many are struggling to protect their sense of morality: "It was a personal problem and a personal act. Later I assimilated the goal of a political statement, but fundamentally it was a gut, do-or-die feeling." Some say they don't want to die for nothing: "I can't get away from the fear that I may give my life for free, to someone I can't see as anything more than a trader in flesh." Many want to change the direction Israel has taken: "Someone has to yell Stop! to the maniacal singing of 'Am

Yisrael Chai' ['The People of Israel Lives'] when the people lives on someone else's back." Some even claim to be motivated by antiheroism: "I know that during a 'purification operation' I won't be able to say to my commander, Stop! What we're doing here is immoral! I'm in prison because I'm weak."

The line between a personal act of conscience and the use of civil disobedience as a tool for political purposes is often fuzzy. Yesh Gvul walks the line lightly: it claims it supports but does not actively encourage refusal. "This is not a refusal movement," says Andre Draznin, a spokesman for the organization. "It is a group of people who oppose the war intensely and radically. The decision to refuse is a personal one." Nevertheless, through its existence and public activities Yesh Gvul fosters refusal, emboldening soldiers tormented by the dilemmas they face and motivating less-troubled soldiers to confront their own moral choices. It even attempts to bring into its membership many refusers who had no contact with the organization before making their decision. Whatever their ideological bent, the members of Yesh Gvul share the conviction that the individual is not morally obliged by the will of the majority but by the dictates of his or her conscience. They assert that a limit to obedience exists but they do not know—or, more likely, for tactical reasons choose not to say—exactly where that limit lies.

Officially, members of Yesh Gvul are those who have signed a petition to the government requesting not to serve in Lebanon. It reads: "A people's problem [the Palestinians] cannot be solved militarily. . . . We were not conscripted in the Israeli Defense Forces for this purpose. . . . Bring the soldiers home!" Yesh Gvul's members organize demonstrations, hold discussion workshops, circulate petitions and issue press releases. They sponsor events that mix politics and culture: an evening of protest poetry in Tel Aviv, a pop festival with some of Israel's top performers, which attracted 20,000 people.

The refusers receive some respect for their commitment to a moral position and their willingness to pay the price for it. Within their military units, however, the reactions are often tough, and with reason: the privations resulting from twenty-eight to thirty-five days spent in a military prison, the sentence for refusal, hardly compare with the potential dangers attending service in Lebanon. "Hey, big martyr," a group of soldiers yelled after one refuser as they dropped him off at prison on their way to Lebanon, "we'll name a street after you up there." But scorn is not always the norm. When Chaim Minsky's commander asked him "How will you look in the other soldiers' eyes?" a few men from his battalion passed by. "Hey, Minsky," they shouted, with fists held up in solidarity, "hang in there!"

The government has downplayed the phenomenon. According to Nachman Shai, spokesman for Defense Minister Moshe Arens, refusal is antidemocratic and selfish. "If you break the rules for individuals, you are really in trouble," he says. "Once it starts you can't stop it. . . . If they don't go, someone else will go, risk his life for the other, maybe die in

Josh Gamson researched this article under the Pennock Fellowship in Public Affairs from Swarthmore College, where he is completing undergraduate studies.

his place." The movement is not, says Shai, "a threat to the capabilities of Israel to run wars," nor does he see any indication of low morale in the army; the soldiers' protest is simply another "reflection of a deep split in Israeli society about whether we should be in Lebanon." Shai's impression is that "most of the pressures to withdraw from Lebanon were basically satisfied" when Israel pulled back to the Awali River last September.

Moshe Nativ, former director of the army's Manpower Division, which handles service assignments, calls the movement's size "peanuts." Its danger, says Nativ, lies in its potential consequences as an "irrational movement" claiming superior conscience: "We agree that we elect a government and that the use they decide for the army we will abide by. . . . The break in the consensus of the army as everyone's army, that is dangerous."

Yet the greatest upheaval caused by Yesh Gvul is within the left. Nearly every liberal party and movement has publicly dissociated itself from Yesh Gvul, including the moderate Peace Now and the two major kibbutz federations, Kibbutz Artzi and Takam. Even Eli Geva, the army colonel who resigned his position rather than bring his troops into Beirut, advises against out-and-out refusal.

The left is concerned with protecting its appeal to the elusive Israeli center. Gary Brenner, a member of Peace Now's national forum, maintains that "the struggle is over what is the national consensus, who is able to conduct a realistic policy. Yesh Gvul is making a major mistake, both morally and tactically, by setting itself apart from the norm." Most people on the left see the soldiers' action as ineffective and therefore destructive. "When you overdo it," says Avraham Burg, son of Interior Minister Yosef Burg, and a founding member of a short-lived reservists' antiwar group named Soldiers Against Silence, "you actually do nothing. Refusal throws a black light on the entire left."

Some worry that the current refusal may legitimize similar actions by right-wingers in the future. Should an agreement be reached with the Palestinians, for instance, a precedent may be set for soldiers to refuse to evacuate Jewish settlements in occupied territories.

Associated tactical questions also concern the left. Many contend that disobedience is most effective when exercised on the spot. "The fate of the bombing of Beirut or the maltreatment of Arabs," says Brenner, "is determined by each individual at the place of action. It's not a question of whether the pilot takes off but whether he drops the bomb." Lieut. Col. Benny Barabash, who signed the Yesh Gvul petition but nevertheless served in Lebanon, claims that for the army, "the threat from the possibility of refusal is greater than that from those who have actually refused. As refusers, they are a lost cause, without influence." Yesh Gvul, says Burg, plays "the only ace in the hand in the first minute of the game."

Because the left generally supports the individual soldier's right to follow his conscience, its argument is focused on the legitimacy of an organization for promoting civil disobedience. Furthermore, some question whether Israel

MUSIC FESTIVAL

NEW YORK CITY
JUNE 8-15

15 CONCERTS
IN 8 DAYS

Sponsored by

**ARTISTS CALL
AGAINST U.S.
INTERVENTION IN
CENTRAL AMERICA**



Admission:
\$6 per concert
or \$30 advance
series ticket

Call 581-5936
for tickets
& information

JUNE 1984

Schedule subject to change

FRIDAY 8TH

OPENING NIGHT

COOPER UNION/GREAT HALL
41 Cooper Square, 8 p.m.
*Ursula Oppens; Johnny
Colon; Tiberio
Nascimento; Ricky Ford*

SATURDAY 9TH

TIN PAN ALLEY
22 West 49th, 10 p.m.
*Rhys Chatham w/David
Linton, Bill Brovold, Karen
Hagiol & Susan
Springfield; Salon Bon Ton*

SUNDAY 10TH

TALLER LATINO
AMERICANO
19 West 21st, 7-10 p.m.
*New Song Quintet; Robert
Dick; Marty Ehrlich with
Baikida Carroll and
Anthony Cox; Earth Music*

THE EAR INN
326 Spring Street, 4-6 p.m.
*Rip Hayman; Daniel
Goode; John King*

S.O.B.'s
204 Varick Street, 9 p.m.-1 a.m.
*Thiago de Mello and
Amazon; Michele Rose-
woman & Friends*

MONDAY 11TH

SYNOD HOUSE at
ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Amsterdam and 112th, 8 p.m.
*Pete Seeger;
Casselberry & Dupree;
Armando Martinez*

THE EAR INN
326 Spring Street, 11 p.m.
*Guy Klucsevsek;
William Hellermann*

TUESDAY 12TH

SYNOD HOUSE at
ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Amsterdam and 112th, 8 p.m.
*Tom Paxton; Anthony
Davis; Tahuantinsuyo;
Sheila Jordan with
Harvie Schwartz*

MARTIN LUTHER KING
HIGH SCHOOL
122 Amsterdam, 8 p.m.
*Women of the Calabash;
Loremil Machado and The
Saravá Band*

WEDNESDAY 13TH

THE PYRAMID CLUB
101 Avenue A, 10 p.m.
*Andy "Coatimundi"
Hernandez; The Ordinaires*

THE EAR INN
326 Spring Street, 11 p.m.
Earle Howard; Glen Velez

THURSDAY 14TH

TALLER LATINO
AMERICANO
19 West 21st, 8 p.m.
*John Zorn; Microscopic
Septet; Ned Rothenberg
with Gerry Hemingway*

FOLK CITY
130 West 3rd, 9 p.m.
John Guth; Roy Brown

KAMIKAZE
531 West 19th, 10 p.m. on
*Glenn Branca; Jonathan
Richman; Andy Gill &
Sara Lee (Gang of 4); Jim
Carroll; Richard Hell; Ned
Sublette; Ernie Brooks;
Barbara Gogan; Robit
Hairman; Stuart Arbright;
Human Switchboard;
Frank Maya; Red Mole;
Wire Service; Alien
Comic; Dolce Vita*

FRIDAY 15TH

RIVERSIDE CHURCH
Riverside Dr. and 122nd,
8 p.m.
*P.D.Q. Bach/Peter
Schickels*

ARTISTS CALL is the united voice of thousands of visual artists, musicians, poets, writers, performing artists and other cultural workers and institutions in more than 30 cities. We call upon the U.S. Congress and the administration to:

- Withdraw all U.S. forces from Central America.
- End U.S. support for "contras" warring against Nicaragua.
- Stop all aid to any government tolerating "death squads."
- Stop obstructing political negotiations among the peoples of Central America and respect self-determination.

MARCH & RALLY, SAT., JUNE 9TH, 11 A.M.

Join us and thousands of other New Yorkers at a **Peace March** from Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, 47th St. & 1st Ave. to a mass **Rally** at the Times Square Recruitment Center, 2 p.m.

STOP THE U.S. WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA & THE CARIBBEAN

No Nuclear Fleet in N.Y. Harbor
Convert the Military Budget to Fund Human Needs

If we can witness the destruction of another culture without protest, we are sacrificing our own right to make culture.

ARTISTS CALL AGAINST U.S. INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA

339 Lafayette Street, New York NY 10012

has reached the point at which the most radical action is necessary. "My limit is despair," says Brenner. "When I have abandoned all hope of being able to influence, when I am convinced that this nation has decided to forgo its sanity, when I see my actions bring *only* destruction, then I will know I've reached my true 'red line.'"

For members of Yesh Gvul that line has already been reached. "We see the Lebanese war as militarily unnecessary, politically unwise and, above all, morally bankrupt," says one. "We don't see an end in sight."

The issue penetrates neither government policy discussions nor the majority of dinner-table arguments, but refusal is not just another interesting development in Israeli society. It touches a large number of people, both personally and through the media. The 130 refusers undoubtedly reflect a more widespread demoralization; they are the ones with the desire and strength to resist openly. Others do it in quieter ways. Many arrange to receive duty elsewhere; some find excuses to avoid service in Lebanon—a pregnant wife, even a failing business. The Yesh Gvul phenomenon seriously constrains the Israeli Army, since it must take into account the threat of broad noncompliance. What has begun to break down is the traditional trust between soldier and citizen, army and government.

The full meaning of the breakdown can be understood only in light of Israelis' strong Jewish national identification and their predominant concern with security. Historically, obligation to the collective has translated naturally into military service. Though the refusers continually emphasize

their willingness to serve in defense of their country, they are nonetheless largely perceived as separating themselves from the rest of Israel.

There's much in a name. A soldier must tread a fine line between two genuine commitments: a necessary army and a necessary moral integrity. Thus, the name "Yesh Gvul" is affirmative. We believe in something, it says, but there is a limit. □

■ BLACK BABIES

A Right to the Tree of Life

MICHAEL ROBIN

In the 1920s demonstrators protesting the lack of decent health care for poor mothers and their infants marched on the Capitol in Washington with banners that proclaimed, "A Baby Saved Is a Citizen Gained." That cry badly needs to be resurrected today.

While the status of fetuses holds center stage in American politics, the right to life has not yet been extended to thousands of black infants who die needlessly every year. Today, a black infant is twice as likely as a white infant to die before his or her first birthday. The most recent national infant mortality data broken down by race show that in 1981, 20 black babies per 1,000 died in their first year, as opposed to 10.5 white babies per 1,000. Had the black rate in 1981 been the same as the white, 5,584 of the 11,756 black infants who died that year would have lived.

As the overall U.S. infant mortality rate continues to decline—it was 11.2 per 1,000 in 1982—the rate for blacks in some areas of the nation is rising, exceeding that of many Third World countries. In 1981 the infant mortality rate in black neighborhoods of Chicago was as high as 55 per 1,000; in central Harlem it was 28 per 1,000; and in parts of Baltimore, 59.5 per 1,000. In addition to numerous communities, thirteen states reported that the rate for blacks had increased in 1982. Most of those states are in the South, where infant death rates have been about 20 percent higher than in the rest of the country.

Why are black babies so much more vulnerable than white babies? According to public health officials, the main reason is that the percentage of black newborns designated as low-birth-weight babies (under 5.5 pounds) is twice that of whites. As Myron Winick, professor of nutrition and pediatrics at Columbia University put it, "Pound for pound, the poor baby does as well as the rich baby; black babies do as well as white babies. The difference in mortality can be explained entirely by the fact that babies from these disadvantaged groups weigh on the average half a pound less at birth than middle-class babies."

Michael Robin is a public-health social worker and a freelance writer living in Minneapolis.

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS

This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy \$5, 10 copies \$40, 50 copies \$150, 100 copies \$250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE NATION

Call Carole Kraemer (212) 242-8400

Many underweight babies are born to mothers who haven't had access to good prenatal care. Most public-health officials acknowledge that an expectant mother who receives no care is three times as likely to have a low-birth-weight baby as one who sees a doctor regularly. A recent study by the Children's Defense Fund reported that about 10 percent of all pregnant black women in the United States don't get prenatal care. In 1979, 386 Detroit women, or 1 percent of those who gave birth in the city that year, did not see a doctor until the day of delivery. Among their babies the death rate in the first year was a shocking 88 per 1,000. And in Washington, D.C., the city with the highest infant mortality rate in the country—20.3 per 1,000 in 1982—21 percent of nonwhite women receive inadequate medical attention while they are pregnant.

Despite its profamily rhetoric and its stated concern for the unborn and newly born, the Reagan Administration has severely cut many of the programs that specifically benefit pregnant women and infants. Federal budget cuts in Title V maternal and child health programs have meant that hundreds of poor women and their children have been turned away from prenatal and maternity services. About 90 percent of the Maternal and Infant Care clinics in ten states surveyed by the Children's Defense Fund had resources either cut or frozen in 1982. In Lexington County, Kentucky, the number of women receiving no prenatal care rose from 32 per 1,000 in 1980 to 55 per 1,000 in 1982, partly because the clinics had to refuse hundreds of needy women.

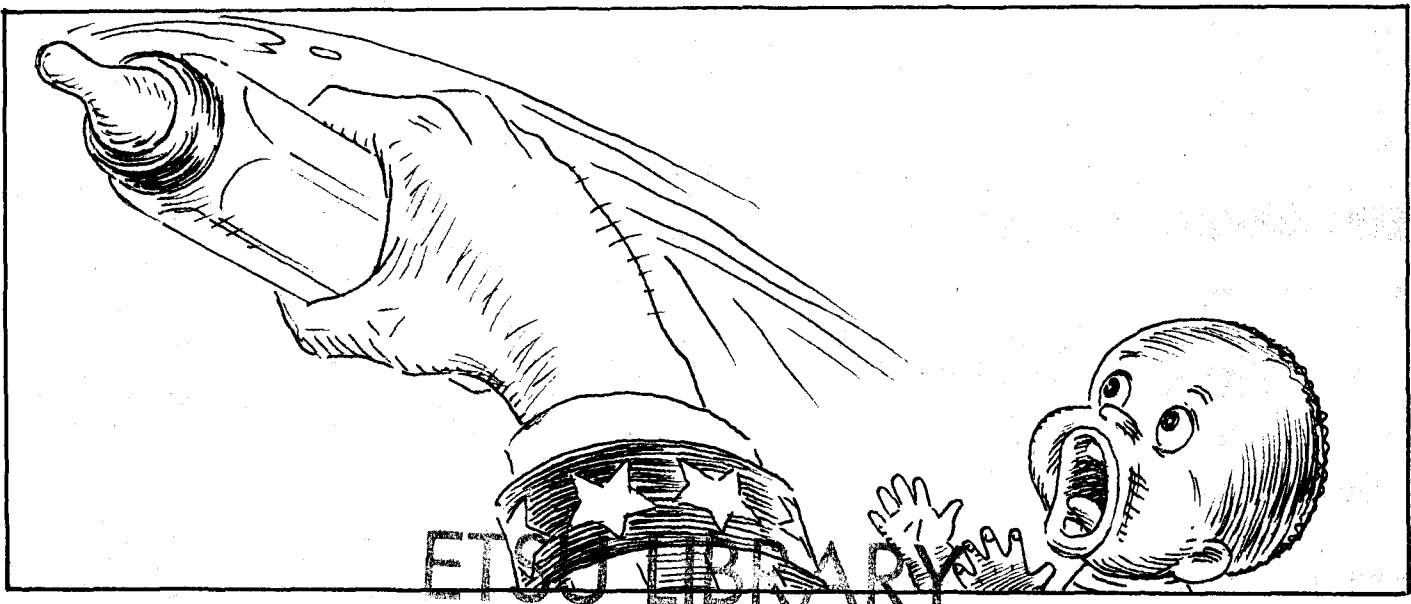
In addition, the Administration has frozen funds for the Special Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants and Children, better known as WIC. Although 9 million people are eligible for the program nationwide, the budget allows enough money for only about 2.5 million. According to a number of studies, WIC has been extraordinarily successful in reducing the incidence of low-birth-weight babies and has saved taxpayers' money. A Harvard University study shows that every \$1 spent on nutritional supplements saves \$3 in medical costs later for the care of a low-birth-weight baby.

Federal programs to improve maternal and child health have also been hampered because they are administered by the states, where eligibility standards vary widely; as a result, many poor mothers and children have been excluded. In 1984, to be eligible to receive Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.), a family of four in Oregon could have an annual income of up to \$7,362; a similar family in Texas could earn no more than \$3,618. Overall, the Southern states have the lowest eligibility ceilings and the lowest benefits. They also have the greatest number of poor mothers and children—and, not coincidentally, the highest infant mortality rates.

Moreover, with Federal cuts reducing their budgets in the last few years, most states have tightened welfare eligibility requirements or have not raised income standards to keep pace with inflation, leaving thousands of poor women of childbearing age with no health insurance: in twenty states, women who do not qualify for A.F.D.C. automatically lose benefits under Medicaid as well. In 1982 the Reagan Administration further limited access to prenatal care by effecting regulations that disallow Federal A.F.D.C. reimbursements to state programs for women who are pregnant for the first time. Previously thirty states provided welfare benefits for first-time pregnancies; now only six provide assistance throughout a first pregnancy, and thirteen only after the sixth month.

Any initiatives to expand health services to poor women and their children would almost certainly bring cries of "budget busting" from the Reagan Administration, but the simple truth is that universal access to services would be more equitable—and cost-effective. While it costs a total of about \$1,500 to \$2,000 to provide prenatal and delivery services to a pregnant woman, it costs more than \$1,000 a day to provide intensive-care services for a premature or low-birth-weight baby. Fewer low-birth-weight babies would also mean fewer children who are retarded or are delayed in their development, which would also save millions of dollars in special care.

It is time progressives took up the right-to-life banner,



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

but for a different purpose. We should make sure that the Medicaid maternal and child health reform bill—a modest effort to extend coverage to poor women and children not eligible for Medicaid—gets adequate funding from the House-Senate conference committee that will soon be considering it. And we should press this year's Democratic Presidential candidate to put maternal and infant health high on the nation's political agenda. Unlike many issues that get far splashier press, this is a matter of life and death. □

■ CIVIL LIBERTIES AFTER REAGAN

Don't Count On the Courts

ARYEH NEIER

If Ronald Reagan is re-elected and survives his second term, he will almost certainly make four or five more appointments to the Supreme Court. Two of those would probably replace the court's only consistent voices in behalf of civil liberties: 78-year-old William Brennan and 75-year-old Thurgood Marshall. In addition, Reagan would appoint scores of Federal District Court and appellate court judges. Together with the President's first-term appointees, they would dominate American law well into the twenty-first century.

That is a nightmarish prospect. For several decades, the Federal courts have been a hospitable arena for those intent on maintaining and enhancing freedom of expression, due process of law, equal protection under the law and the right to privacy. Although that has begun to change, the situation is far from what it would be under the Reaganite judiciary that may be ahead. With the President a reasonably good bet for re-election, it is time to consider whether—and how—civil liberties could be protected effectively in the United States without the support of the Federal courts.

In the event of a major assault on civil liberties, the state courts would not likely emerge as a major institutional force for the protection of the rights of citizens. One obvious reason is that many important questions implicate the Federal government and cannot be decided at the state level. Also, although some state courts have been receptive to a limited range of arguments on the subject, most lack a tradition of protecting civil liberties. With the Federal courts moving in the opposite direction, such a tradition would probably not develop. At best, the situation would remain roughly as is: civil libertarians in only a few states could think seriously about using this forum.

How secure would our rights be if important civil liberties issues were decided by majority vote or by the representative branches of government rather than by the courts? Herbert McClosky and Alida Brill offer some clues in their recently

published *Dimensions of Tolerance*. The book contains the results of the most extensive survey of public opinion about civil liberties since Samuel Stouffer's landmark study, *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties*, nearly three decades ago. The findings of McClosky and Brill demonstrate, among other things, the degree to which Americans accept certain principles in general terms but not when they are applied in specific cases. For example, 90 percent of those surveyed said they believe in free speech for all, no matter what their views. On the other hand, only 41 percent would permit college students to invite to their campus any guest speaker they wanted, and only 29 percent would permit American Nazis or the Ku Klux Klan to state their views on television.

One can imagine the result if the question had been even more specific: Should the free-speech club at State College, where 30 percent of the students are black, be permitted to invite the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan to speak? It is reasonable to infer from McClosky and Brill's evidence that the overwhelming majority of Americans would answer no. Similarly, if U.S. ground troops were fighting in El Salvador "to save democracy from Soviet-Cuban-Nicaraguan subversion," most Americans would probably agree that a speaker championing the cause of the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. should be barred from college campuses. Indeed, one might well conclude after reading *Dimensions of Tolerance* that freedom of speech would survive a popular test only in simple cases.

Yet that view is too pessimistic. Surveys like McClosky and Brill's cannot account for the shifts in thinking that may take place as a consequence of prolonged debate. The fact that 90 percent of Americans say they are committed to free speech for all when the question is posed abstractly has considerable importance. It means that the opportunity exists for civil libertarians who organize effectively to persuade people that they should apply the abstract to the particular. That is not an easy task, but those who have been through battles over free speech know that public opinion is anything but fixed. The forces for free speech usually do better the longer the debate goes on. A few people stop supporting the general principle of free speech; some continue to profess their devotion to it but maintain that it doesn't apply to the particular case; but a considerable number come to recognize that they must accept free speech in the particular case because of the importance of the general principle.

On other issues civil libertarians might have a much tougher time if assistance from the Federal courts is effectively foreclosed. McClosky and Brill report that the principle of due process in criminal cases, for instance, does not command the overwhelming support that free speech does. One survey asked, Is it worse to convict an innocent person or to let a guilty person go free? Sixty percent said the former was worse, 21 percent the latter and 19 percent were undecided. When given the specific example of mugging and other serious street crimes, 67 percent said such crimes must be stopped even if suspects' rights are sometimes violated; only 10 percent said it is more important to protect suspects' rights; and 23 percent were undecided. More alarming, only

Aryeh Neier is vice chairman of the Americas Watch and Helsinki Watch Committees and a member of The Nation's editorial board.

31 percent were willing to say that keeping people in prison without trial is unjustified, no matter what the crime; 57 percent said it is sometimes necessary when dealing with people who are dangerous; and 12 percent were undecided.

Clearly, then, neither the state courts nor a majority of the public could be counted on to stop an offensive against civil liberties in the years ahead, and a Federal judiciary dominated by Reagan appointees would be of little help. Still, that does not necessarily mean there would be no hope. If we look back over the last hundred years, we find that when civil liberties were under sustained assault, protection arose from a variety of sometimes unexpected sources.

The most intense attack began during World War I. The war years themselves were marked by more than 1,900 prosecutions and other judicial proceedings involving speech or publication, and by the passage of the Espionage Act of 1917 and the even more sweeping amendments of 1918. In the years that followed, the Federal government carried out its infamous Palmer raids, most states adopted sedition and "red flag" laws, and throughout the country Wobblies, communists, anarchists and socialists were systematically persecuted.

The Federal courts provided little help. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis waxed eloquent in stating the case for freedom, but his were dissenting opinions. As Zechariah Chafee Jr. pointed out in his magisterial history of that era, *Free Speech in the United States*, "There were few majority opinions setting forth the importance of open discussion."

Nor were the legislatures a bulwark for freedom. Indeed, as Chafee wrote (but as few remember today), "The only branch of the government which did much between 1917 and 1930 to preserve freedom of speech was the Executive." Chafee was not referring to Woodrow Wilson, who signed the Espionage Acts and presided over the Palmer raids. Rather, he had in mind Gov. Al Smith of New York and a few state leaders like him, and President Calvin Coolidge, who freed all the political prisoners still serving sentences imposed during or immediately after the war.

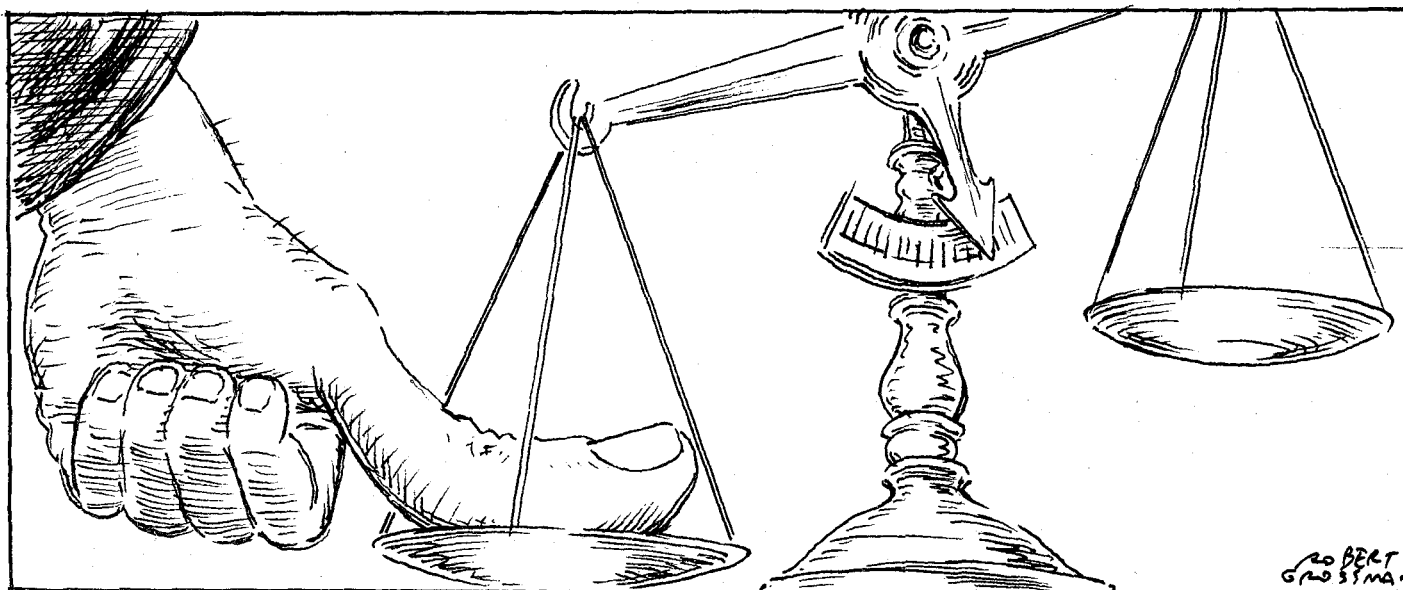
Coolidge's Presidency was also significant for civil liberties because he appointed Harlan Fiske Stone as Attorney General. An outspoken critic of the political surveillance practiced by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Stone reined in the Bureau. For a decade and a half, until it was unleashed by Franklin Roosevelt on the eve of World War II, the F.B.I. was confined largely to investigating violations of Federal law.

During the decade following World War II, when the House Un-American Activities Committee and Senator Joseph McCarthy were riding high, the Federal courts did little to impede them. Lower courts facilitated the efforts of the Congressional loyalty investigations, and the Supreme Court waited several years before imposing any limits (*Watkins v. United States*, 1957). The Court also upheld Smith Act prosecutions (*Dennis v. United States*, 1951) and loyalty oaths (*American Communications Association v. Douds*, 1950), modifying its position on the latter only later (*Baggett v. Bullitt*, 1964), when it no longer counted so much.

No public or private institution deserves praise for halting the post-World War II assault on civil liberties. The heroes of that era were individuals—an assortment of lawyers, cartoonists, playwrights and editorial writers, among others—who eventually helped bring the nation to its senses. (McCarthy's self-destructive tendencies were, of course, also a factor.)

The Federal courts played a more effective role in limiting President Nixon's assault on civil liberties, especially in upholding the publication of the Pentagon papers (*New York Times v. United States*, 1971). Yet it was Congress, through the Senate Watergate hearings and the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry, that brought down Nixon. Judge John Sirica's conduct of the Watergate burglary trial was notable, though hardly a model for civil libertarians.

In the last few years, civil liberties have again been under severe attack. President Reagan and his radical-right supporters have tried to get Congress to support school prayer, to restrict access to information, to prohibit abortion, to bar



school desegregation, to restrict voting rights and to eliminate the legal services program. All those efforts have failed thanks to strenuous opposition from some members of Congress, particularly Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut.

At the same time, however, the Supreme Court has been chipping away at civil liberties in cases involving free speech for critics of the C.I.A., and due process for aliens and those charged with crimes. First Amendment cases have fared reasonably well, except where the C.I.A. is implicated, but that may only reflect the atmosphere of relative calm in the country. It is not at all clear that important issues involving suppression of speech would be resolved satisfactorily if we entered another period of civil unrest.

None of the foregoing is intended to suggest that civil libertarians should give up on the Federal courts. Even a solidly Reaganite Supreme Court could not entirely ignore the imposing body of civil liberties precedents established during the last three decades. But it would be folly for civil libertarians to concentrate their energies on Federal court litigation today to the extent that they did during the Warren Court era and the subsequent decade.

As *Dimensions of Tolerance* makes clear, the way the question is framed determines the degree to which Americans will come down on the side of civil liberties. At times, litigation is a way of framing the question; thus, it is often worth going to court even when there is little prospect of a favorable decision. But litigation is only one way to conduct a public debate over civil liberties. The record shows that if we are vigilant and ready to engage in energetic lobbying

and debate, protection of civil liberties is far from a lost cause, even in the era of the Reagan judiciary that may lie ahead. □

■ A CHAT WITH SWEETZ AND MAGDOFF

Can Capitalism Be Saved?

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

If the situation looks grim today, one can derive perverse comfort from the fact that it was as grim back in the late 1940s. Then as now, the political culture swerved sharply to the right; then as now, liberalism went into hygienic paroxysm, purging itself of all features incompatible with the dominant cold war ideology.

If the landscape of left and, specifically, Marxist political culture is slightly more fertile today, this improvement can partly be attributed to a magazine that was first published in 1949 and celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary in May. The magazine is *Monthly Review*.

Along with small presses, "little magazines"—serious journals sustained by intellectual conviction, self-abnegation and unremitting toil—are the aquifer of any healthy culture. From them come the ideas and analyses that trickle upward to nourish the parched terrain of the mass culture and mass media. As a journal of Marxist-left Keynesian analysis, *Monthly Review* has an importance that can scarcely be exaggerated. Long-term perfection in economic analysis is impossible, and *Monthly Review* has sometimes underestimated capitalism's resilience and overestimated Third World potential, particularly in the case of China. But overall, the magazine's "Review of the Month" has been a consistently illuminating guide to developments in the national and world political economy. Few intellectuals on the left have submitted themselves to so exigent a monthly journalistic regimen as the editors of *Monthly Review*.

Three of the people once intimately associated with the magazine are no longer with us: Leo Huberman, Paul Baran and Harry Braverman (a prime force in building *Monthly Review Press*). One of the founders, Paul Sweezy, continues to edit *Monthly Review*, along with Harry Magdoff, who came aboard in 1968. Both have produced major works on the economy. Both—as I discovered on a recent visit to their offices on Manhattan's West 23rd Street—continue to attend with vigilance the enigmas of history and the misadventures of capitalism and socialism in the postwar era. —A.C.

COCKBURN: *Monthly Review* started in 1949. How did the political situation look to you then?

SWEETZ: We certainly thought we were at the beginning of a long period of real freeze for the left—a very rough patch. "Socialism" was becoming a dirty word, and we wanted to keep it clean, as far as possible, until such time as the situation would change.

'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by *The Nation* and *The New Republic* at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, *Invitation to an Inquest*; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, *The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth*; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for \$24 each; cassettes are \$19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

Henry Wallace's Progressive Party campaign had just folded and, despite the hopes of a few optimists, could obviously not be put back together again. McCarthyism was on the rise. *The Guardian* had begun publishing in November 1948, and we started six months later. Apart from the sects—and they were in decline at the time—these two periodicals were the only signs of life on the left. And it got worse. McCarthyism didn't hit bottom until 1953. My own case began in 1952 and the break there came with the Supreme Court decision in 1957.* That was the beginning of the thaw that came with the rise of the black liberation movement—though they didn't call it that then—the onset of the sixties, Port Huron, S.D.S. [Students for a Democratic Society] and so on.

COCKBURN: What did you think about the economic situation in the early years of *Monthly Review*, and how did your analysis differ from what actually happened?

SWEEZY: I'd have to go back and read some of that stuff and I don't want to! I know we were much too simplistic and uncritical about socialism. We passed off the circumstances of Stalin's death and what happened afterward as healthy growing pains. We were like a lot of other people, inexcusably blind. That was before Harry [Magdoff] came aboard, so I can't implicate him. It was a long time before we began to see the world in a more balanced way. We thought that in the competition between socialism and capitalism it would be just a matter of time before, as Khrushchev said, they buried us.

COCKBURN: You started just at the economic downturn, before the Korean War bailed out U.S. capitalism.

MAGDOFF: Actually, the downturn was in 1948. The recovery came before the Korean War.

SWEEZY: Yes, the recovery started before the Korean War, and the war picked it up. Everything changed with the Korean War. Its importance for capitalism in the postwar phase has been very largely underestimated, particularly since it was the beginning of the Japanese and German miracles.

COCKBURN: What do you mean by that?

MAGDOFF: First, take Japan. They were devastated. In order to be able to get going, they had to import capital. During the period of the Korean War, some 40 to 50 percent of the foreign exchange Japan earned was due to U.S. expenditures in connection with that war: supplementary materials, R&R for the troops and so on. Money isn't everything, but this became the wherewithal for them to do things. The same thing happened in Germany.

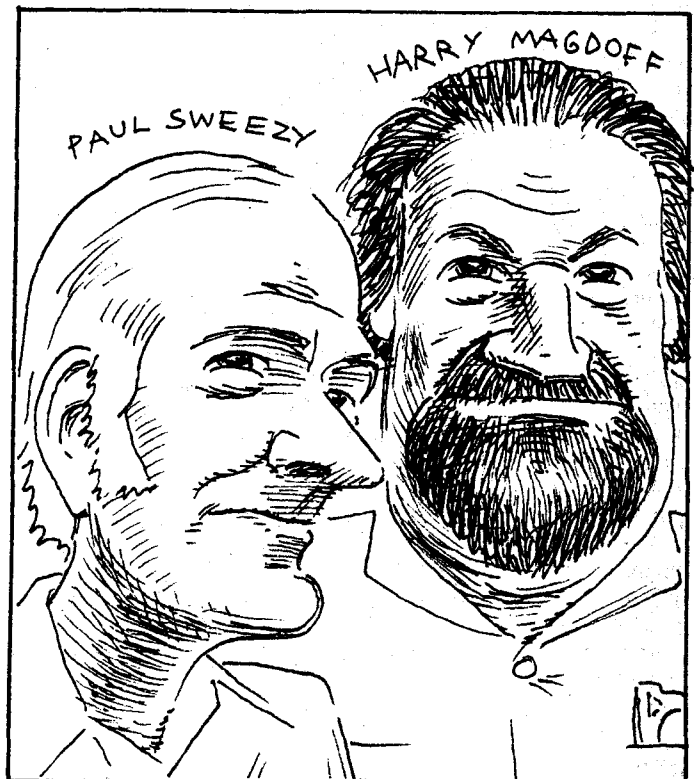
SWEEZY: Henry Wallich said so!

MAGDOFF: Wallich [a member of the Federal Reserve Board since 1974] wrote a book in which he spelled out

specifically that this is what gave the West German economy its initial boost. The Korean War was, in a sense, unexpected. After World War II, production converted to peacetime conditions. With the Korean War, you suddenly got two things: immediate demand for enormous amounts of military goods, and a new perspective. The perspective was one of building a base in this country for permanent military production. But they didn't have the plants and machinery to do both those things quickly. That's where West Germany came in. It had the capacity to produce machinery. Suddenly there was a burst of exports from Germany which provided the push. So in the cases of Germany and Japan, the war wasn't the cause of the recovery but what gave it its first spurt.

COCKBURN: A lot of people felt after World War II that there would be a return to the economic conditions of the 1930s.

MAGDOFF: Not really. There were some leftists who talked that way, but when I was in Washington then, in the Commerce Department, we didn't think so. There was such an enormous accumulated backlog of demand. The 1948 downturn was just a normal phase of the business cycle. In fact, the reconstruction of American industry had not yet taken place. You might not have had the kind of boom we had in the 1950s and 1960s without the stimulation of the Korean War and the military expenditures that came afterward. Everything worked together: the Truman Doctrine on the question of Greece and Turkey, Bretton Woods, the ease with which you could print dollars, the decision to have bases around the world and build up Western Europe militarily, the way the Marshall Plan was used to prevent civil war in Europe and also as a base against the Soviet Union and for



* Active in the Progressive Party in 1948, Sweezy subsequently became the object of an un-American activities probe by the State of New Hampshire. He refused to answer some questions, invoking the First Amendment, and was cited for contempt of court in 1953. On bail for four years, he was vindicated by the Supreme Court in June 1957.

control of the Third World—all this fitted together.

SWEETZY: Actually, in putting the world back together again, the American ruling class showed itself to better advantage in defending its own interests in that period than at any other time. The Marshall Plan, the Korean War, the rehabilitation of Japan and West Germany and their incorporation into the imperial system—that was brilliant ruling class strategy and execution.

MAGDOFF: And the interesting thing is that the ideological preparation for it came with the New Deal.

SWEETZY: Probably. Then [after World War II] Keynesian policy really came into its own. You had an enormous potential for government deficit spending, which you didn't have in the 1930s because you didn't have the military spending outlet, foreign investment outlet and so on. So Keynesianism came into its own as an ideology and economic theory of an expanding capitalist society. It was undoubtedly a virtuoso performance by the ruling class in terms of transition. I have to say, in hindsight, that *Monthly Review* did not do too well in seeing what was going on. We wanted to criticize everything, like the Marshall Plan, in petty ways instead of understanding how they fit into a broad historical picture.

COCKBURN: When do you think *Monthly Review* was right on the mark—at the time, not just in retrospect?

SWEETZY: Oh, we were at times. During the Korean War we did very well interpreting U.S. policy in East Asia. We were the first people to say the Cuban revolution was socialist. That was in the spring and summer of 1960, when we were there. The Cubans didn't know it themselves. We said it would be a socialist revolution or it wouldn't be anything, and that gained us quite a lot of credibility, particularly as, fairly soon, we turned out to be right. During the 1960s we did better. And since then, we have no reason to be ashamed of our performance.

MAGDOFF: If you keep thinking and developing, you look back on your stuff and it can be pretty awful in terms of what you did and did not understand. *Monthly Review* dealt with the issue of the Third World early on in a way that no other publication did. In the mid-1950s there was a brilliant "Review of the Month" about the McCarthy period which had a great deal of influence and still holds up as an analysis of what was going on. Paul mentioned Cuba, and I would add our analysis of China early on. And, of course, the Korean War. You have to understand that on the Korean War a lot of liberals and leftists went along with the U.S. government.

SWEETZY: Absolutely.

MAGDOFF: You had Izzy Stone in *PM* defending the U.S. position in Korea. That was the shock of his book *The Hidden History of Korea*; he started looking back on the record and seeing how wrong he was.

COCKBURN: Jumping from then—the early 1950s, domestic political repression, those economic conditions—to now, what sort of parallels do you see?

SWEETZY: My feeling is that in the most basic sense the

late 1970s were a return to the late 1930s. That is to say, stagnation was interrupted by the war and by the long post-war wave of expansion. This came to an end, starting with the 1966-67 recession; you can even trace it earlier than that if you like. By the late 1970s stagnation was just about as deep—allowing for and discounting the vastly greater amount of military spending—as it was in the 1930s. In the later period, if you took away the employment created by the military sector, unemployment would have been on the order of 20 percent, just where it was in the 1930s. So U.S. capitalism is back to square one, so to speak.

COCKBURN: What's the way out this time? Is it war again?

SWEETZY: That's the way they got out of the last stagnation. Perhaps they have some other trick up their sleeve. At any rate, the underlying fact of all economic developments since the mid-1970s has been stagnation. We have had a certain theory of stagnation that distresses our fundamentalist Marxist friends. They call us underconsumptionists, which is not really accurate, at least in the classical sense of the workers not having enough to buy back what they produce.

MAGDOFF: That's the crude view.

SWEETZY: We say there is a disproportion. The capital accumulation that would be necessary to sustain an expanding economy is aborted by lack of sufficient profit.

MAGDOFF: You can label it either of two ways: overaccumulation or underconsumption. The fact that there is this disproportion between accumulation, a profitable rate of return, and the consumption base is our fundamental approach to the problem. Call it an overaccumulation theory.

SWEETZY: That would be much better. On the other hand, you can't actually overaccumulate. If you did overaccumulate, the economy would keep on going pretty well for quite a while. It's the potential accumulation needed to keep the system going that doesn't materialize because—in Keynesian terms—of the lack of effective demand. We take the position that capitalism's ability to generate sufficient effective demand to keep the economy going at somewhere near its capacity depends not on the inner functioning of the system but on exterior, historical circumstances.

COCKBURN: In other words, capitalism is not self-stabilizing.

SWEETZY: As Dick Goodwin says of Marx and Schumpeter, they call in history to supplement economic analysis. That's a very nice formulation.

COCKBURN: So what sort of history is available to be called on?

SWEETZY: Wars, transportation, energy, revolutions, technology. But the kind of innovations you are getting now are not the sort to promote big investment or accumulation. Automation and all that kind of thing may work in exactly the opposite way to increase the reserve army of labor, create no significant amount of effective demand and throw the system into a much deeper crisis. Innovation

as such is no cure for capitalism's problems. It takes special kinds of innovation. Today where are you going to get anything like the railroads or the auto industries? It's mind-boggling even to try to think of it. Something that is going to make a profit for people and not just be underwritten by the state.

COCKBURN: You said capitalism adapted brilliantly in the late 1940s and the 1950s. What would you say to the strategists of capital now?

SWEEZY: I wouldn't give them any advice even if I had it. I don't think there's any way—outside of massive public intervention, redistribution of income, redistribution of power—in which they could save their skins. And I don't think any ruling class would take that course. It would be a terrible danger to them. Within capitalism I don't think such redistribution can be done. They think it can be done by these attacks on the working class and by redistributing income their own way. But it isn't working and it never will. Meanwhile, the whole infrastructure of the economy deteriorates, and the system goes into a tailspin.

COCKBURN: Do you see any grounds for optimism in what's going on in the socialist bloc countries now?

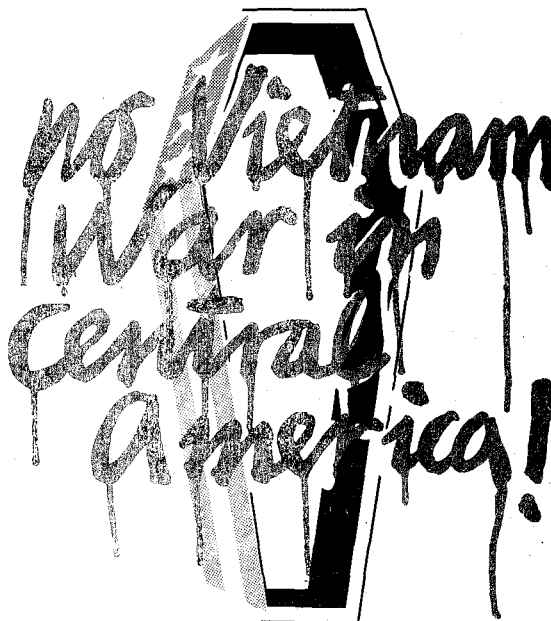
SWEEZY: I don't think they're socialist. In some respects they've made real achievements: in education, literacy, health and in reasonable assurance of employment. Those are all advances over capitalism. On the other hand, there are many negative features. The question is, Are they capable of changing for the better? I don't see much prospect of that. The Polish example certainly shows there is life in the working class in countries of that kind. If the whole international situation of superpower bloc control breaks up, maybe they'll have more possibilities of evolving in a decent direction than the capitalist countries. But that's just a speculation.

COCKBURN: Don't you think the left in this country seems unprepared to confront the problem of military spending and its effects? One often hears the argument that if we didn't have military spending, the distortions in the economy would disappear. But if, as Lynn Turgeon puts it, the economy is a leaky balloon that keeps dropping nearer and nearer the ground despite stronger and stronger injections of military spending, then military spending is pretty much the only thing keeping the show on the road. But many left and liberal groups tell workers that if they built houses instead of missiles, they, and capitalism, would be better off in economic terms. That just isn't true, is it? The truth is, you shouldn't build a gun because it might kill someone. You have to say "Capitalism leads to war" and not "There can be a 'good' capitalism without war."

SWEEZY: I agree.

MAGDOFF: But if you take that position, you get called a warmonger. It's tough to get involved in this issue because people misunderstand you. It's false for the peace people to think the working class has less sense of morality than others in society and to try to feed the hope that peace programs

NO MORE!



"No Vietnam War in Central America" Poster by Sam Wiener

The background of this poster, a military coffin and the inscription "No More" originated during the Vietnam War and was widely circulated. Now the well-known artist Sam Wiener, angered by the Reagan Administration's war efforts in Central America, has forcefully expressed his outrage by splashing a fiery-red protest over the original.

This poster, measuring 24½ by 19½ inches, is printed in three colors on high-gloss paper.

I would like _____ posters at \$4 each. Total _____
(Please add \$1 for postage.) _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____

Orders of 5 or more are available for \$3. per poster plus postage. Please inquire for special discounts on large quantity bulk orders.

A limited number of signed posters are available at \$10 each. For further information call (212) 242-8400.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

PLEASE ALLOW 3 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

Make checks payable to: The Nation "No More,"
72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

can generate more jobs. You can create models in which the peaceful use of government expenditures would do as good a job as military spending, but those are abstract models, having nothing to do with the real economy. There's nothing wrong in pressing for those models; it's a question of what promises you make.

COCKBURN: The liberal-left also seems, for somewhat the same reasons, keen on the approach, urged by Seymour Melman, that military production crowds out more virtuous investment.

MAGDOFF: The Melman argument is that expenditures on defense interfere with nonmilitary investment in productive capital goods and that capital machinery is not replaced with modern equipment because of military spending. I think it's the other way around. We have plenty of capacity to produce both for the military and civil sectors. Not that I advocate spending for the military! But the lack of replacement of capital goods for civilian use or the lack of modernization are due not to military spending but to the stagnation that has permeated the economy since the 1960s.

COCKBURN: There have been a number of books in recent years on how to save capitalism, or at least make it work. On the quasi-liberal to left spectrum, I'm thinking about the works of Robert Reich, Lester Thurow, and Samuel Bowles, David Gordon and Thomas Weisskopf. What's your attitude to such books?

SWEEZY: Oh, I think it's nonsense. Obviously there are differences between the right and the center New Deal-type regimes, but they are not really mending capitalism. The experience of the New Deal was a pretty good indication of that. After eight years of New Deal reform the whole thing collapsed again. It was only a cyclical recovery in the 1930s, though it was made to look like a fundamental change. Some of the worst abuses were corrected with unemployment insurance and legislation allowing unions to organize. Some financial vices were corrected, though in some ways we're pretty much back to where we were. So I don't think it makes sense to argue that way.

COCKBURN: Do you think there is a significant choice in the elections this year?

SWEEZY: It would be a very salutary thing if Reagan is thrown out. Politicians would understand that his kind of performance is not going to get them anywhere. Also, from a humane point of view, and given the danger of war, it might be somewhat better. I don't have any preferences among the Democrats. They'll all be pretty bad anyway. But with a Democratic President there would be less unionbusting, more humane welfare programs, and they're very important to the lives of millions of people.

COCKBURN: And would a Mondale be less interventionist than a Reagan?

SWEEZY: Well, I think the Democrats will intervene, too; but maybe not as viciously and outrageously as Reagan has.

COCKBURN: Do you intend to keep on trucking with *Monthly Review* forever?

SWEEZY: Absolutely. When we had our thirty-fifth birthday party at the Village Gate we invited everyone back for another one five years hence. □

Maneuvers

(Continued From Front Cover)

Big Pine I set another, even more ominous precedent: it established a permanent U.S. military presence in Honduras. At the conclusion of the maneuvers, some seventy-five U.S. Air Force personnel remained behind to man a radar surveillance station brought in for the exercise and subsequently "donated" to Honduras. Installed at Cerro La Mole near Tegucigalpa, the station has been guiding all U.S. and allied aircraft in the region, presumably including the C.I.A.-chartered planes used to transport and supply the *contras* and to bomb government facilities in Nicaragua.

The next major war game, Big Pine II, further expanded the U.S. military presence. Beginning last August with a naval show of force spearheaded by the aircraft carrier *Ranger* and the battleship *New Jersey*, it concluded this March with a Marine amphibious landing at Puerto Castilla on Honduras's Caribbean coast. Like Big Pine I, this second round of maneuvers involved extensive military construction. Four airstrips—at Palmerola, Trujillo, Aguacate and San Lorenzo—were built or improved, and various logistic facilities were erected. That construction will permit landings by U.S. C-130 supply planes and, at Palmerola, the deployment of modern jet combat aircraft.

Those maneuvers, too, resulted in a permanent expansion of the U.S. military presence in Central America. When the exercises were concluded, the Defense Department disclosed that a 1,200-man headquarters unit, known as Joint Task Force Alpha (J.T.F.-A), would remain at Palmerola to prepare for the next round of maneuvers. Drawn from the U.S. Readiness Command at MacDill Air Force Base in Florida, the unit is a self-contained combat control team fully able to direct a battle force of tens of thousands of troops.

Stationed alongside J.T.F.-A at the Palmerola air base is the Army's 224th Military Intelligence Battalion, deployed at the end of Big Pine II. Equipped with a dozen OV-1 Mohawk reconnaissance planes (a type developed during the Vietnam War to locate ground targets for aerial bombardment), the battalion conducts daily surveillance flights over El Salvador and provides U.S. advisers on the ground with instantaneous combat intelligence on guerrilla positions.

By the conclusion of Big Pine II, the United States had a fully-developed combat infrastructure in Honduras capable of supporting any level of military operations throughout Central America. As Democratic Senator Jim Sasser of Tennessee noted after an inspection tour of those facilities,

Michael T. Klare is The Nation's defense correspondent and a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington.

"There is real evidence that our military is building airfields and other infrastructure to support a very large and possibly permanent United States military contingency there." At the same time, U.S. forces have assumed more and more military roles in the region, so that any distinction between combat support and combat itself is rapidly fading. "We are currently engaged in a region of open hostilities," Sasser warned in March. "American troops are and have been involved in imminent danger."

Despite that imminent danger, the United States has launched another series of major maneuvers in Honduras. Granadero I began in April with the construction of more bases—at Cucuyagua near the Honduras-El Salvador border and at Jamastran on the Honduras-Nicaragua border; it will culminate later this month with paratroop landings and field maneuvers along both borders. Big Pine III will follow later this year. Details have not been released, but that operation is likely to involve the deployment of additional ground troops and combat planes.

If previous exercises provide a model, the latest maneuvers will result in the further "North-Americanization" of the Central American conflict. U.S. forces will be placed on the very edge of the battlefield, a step which is likely to lead to a direct U.S. combat role. While it is still too early to determine exactly what moves the White House intends to make, they will probably include:

- § The assignment of armed U.S. advisers to Salvadoran combat units in areas contested or controlled by the guerrillas. As in Vietnam, advisers will accompany government forces into battle and assume increasing responsibility for the command and control of combat operations.

- § The use of U.S. aircraft and helicopter gunships to provide air cover for U.S.-led Salvadoran ground forces. Furthermore, with the OV-1 scout planes providing target data (as they did in Vietnam), U.S. warplanes will bomb suspected guerrilla encampments in remote areas of El Salvador.

- § A U.S. naval blockade in the Gulf of Fonseca, intended to stop the flow of arms and ammunition to Salvadoran guerrillas from their supposed supply bases in Nicaragua, along with an air blockade to prevent supply drops from small planes. (A dry run for such a blockade was the object of the Navy's King's Guard exercise a couple months ago.)

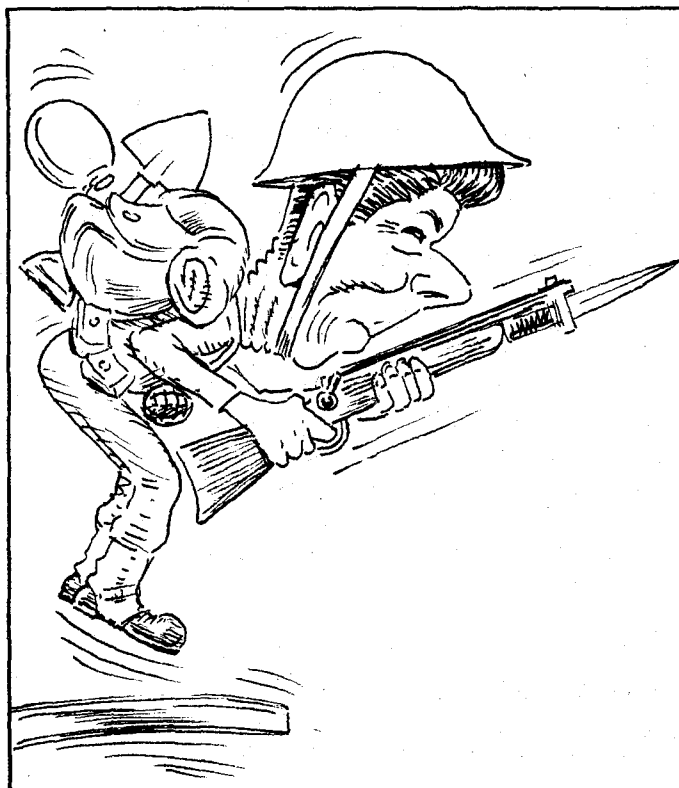
- § Air strikes by U.S. bombers against "Soviet-equipped" supply bases in Nicaragua, ostensibly to destroy the guerrillas' stockpiles of arms.

Because those steps would constitute U.S. involvement in active hostilities even if no U.S. ground forces were committed to combat, and because they would undoubtedly provoke widespread opposition at home, they would likely be preceded by some sort of "incident," just as U.S. intervention in Vietnam was triggered by the so-called Tonkin Gulf incident. Such an incident, once provoked, would justify U.S. military action under the President's new counter-terrorism policy, which permits retaliation against "state-supported terrorism," as Soviet-Cuban-Nicaraguan support for the Salvadoran guerrillas has been termed. One possible provocation, as it is sure to be called, might be a large guerrilla "incursion" into Honduras (prompted by

U.S. carpet bombing in border areas of El Salvador); another might be a Sandinista "invasion" of Honduras (prompted by massive *contra* attacks inside Nicaragua). A likely time for such a precipitating incident would be late August or September, when the forces committed to Granadero I and Big Pine III are already in place and the necessary air support is available from U.S. carriers and/or bases in Florida, Puerto Rico and the Panama Canal Zone.

No hard information on planned U.S. moves is available, of course, so the preceding scenario is speculative. It is, however, consistent with the progressive expansion of the U.S. combat role during the past eighteen months and with the increasingly strident tone of Reagan's speeches. "The simple questions are," he noted in his May 9 televised address on Central America, "Will we defend our vital interests in this hemisphere or not? Will we stop the spread of communism in this hemisphere or not? Will we act while there is still time?"

Moves toward outright intervention could provide the show of force Reagan seeks in order to clinch the Presidential election in November, but they are not likely to obliterate the Salvadoran guerrillas or bring down the Sandinistas. Rather, they would destroy any hope for a negotiated settlement in Central America and would produce an ugly, brutal and protracted disaster like Vietnam. It may be that Reagan will proceed on this tragic course no matter what level of outcry rises from the American public. Still, morality compels us to speak out against U.S. intervention before it is too late. As former *New York Times* senior editor John B. Oakes wrote last August, "Unless stopped . . . Ronald Reagan could plunge this country into the most unwanted, unconscionable, unnecessary and unwinnable war in its history, not excepting Vietnam." □



The Nation Reprint Mart.

Latin America: A Political Guide.

An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation's* award-winning Latin American correspondent.

A Letter to America.

The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention.

Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

END and the "Peace Offensive."

Warning that the peace movement must not be caught "sleepwalking," E.P. Thompson outlines the dangers of the Soviet "peace offensive," and urges the movement to eschew the seductions of both superpowers. Also included is a lively exchange of letters between Thompson and Norman Solomon, co-author of "Killing Our Own," debating the controversial issues raised by Thompson's brilliant essay.

Empire as a Way of Life.

William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

The Selling of Japan.

From every quarter American business is urged to adopt some feature of Japan's stunningly successful economic model. But is this model applicable to the United States? What are the implications of Japanese solutions to the problems of American business? This issue opens up and expands the "Japan debate," while shattering some of the myths about the Japanese economic system now in circulation.

Feminist Books.

Today, an exciting new feminist scholarship is re-evaluating a host of subjects from sexuality to the history of socialism to coeducation. This special issue offers an up-to-date sampling of recent offerings in a field that is more lively, contradictory and urgent than ever.

Myths of the Middle East.

This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

Nuclear Samizdat.

What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

El Salvador.

A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable.

In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

The New Arms Technology.

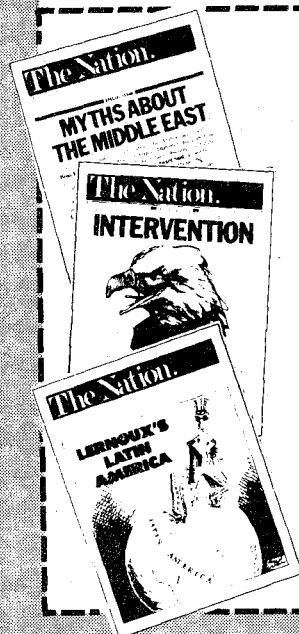
From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain the latest arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement.

Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

Back Issues of The Nation.

Back issues are \$3.00 each. This includes postage and handling. (There is limited availability on some back issues.)



THE NATION REPRINT MART ORDER FORM

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1-9: \$3.00 ea.			
10-49: \$1.50 ea.			
50-99: \$1.00 ea.			
100-499: \$.75 ea.			
500 or more: \$.50 ea.			
BACK ISSUES \$3.00 each		Date	
		Date	

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N.Y. residents add
appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

Mail check or money order to The
Nation Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth
Avenue, New York, NY 10011.
Prepayment is required. (U.S. currency
only.)

NR8422

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Gidget Goes to Detroit

MARGO HOWARD

POWERPLAY: What Really Happened at Bendix. By Mary Cunningham with Fran Schumer. Linden Press/Simon & Schuster. 286 pp. \$15.95.

When Mary Cunningham wrote *Powerplay*, I think she hoped for a blend of *Indecent Exposure* and *The Scarlet Letter*. What she got was "Gidget Goes To Detroit." As most newspaper readers must know, Cunningham was a Harvard M.B.A. who rose rapidly in the Bendix Corporation. Her boss, Bendix chairman Bill Agee, eventually felt obliged to announce to a gathering of 600 employees that while he and Mary were "very, very close friends," she had not slept her way to the top. She got there the old-fashioned way. She earned it. What helped make this story so juicy was that Mary Cunningham was young (late 20s) and while not a beautiful blonde, certainly a blond blonde. She, too, denied a romance with Agee, but the publicity, along with the Bendix board of directors, finally forced her out. Agee was later removed as well, thanks to his ill-conceived attempt to take over Martin Marietta. In the interim they married. Each other.

Powerplay fails to be as enticing as *Indecent Exposure* for two reasons. First, the various Bendix products, such as automotive brake systems, do not have the allure of motion pictures. The movie business is sexy . . . parts manufacture is not. Second, *Indecent Exposure* was stylishly written with a great deal of suspense. *Powerplay* is fashioned from stilted dialogue and klutzy prose. Here is a characteristic sentence: "One has instant respect for a person who cuts short one's bluster." Sentences like this make one wonder where one's editor was, not to mention one's co-author. As for comparisons with *The Scarlet Letter*, thoughtful people, Cunningham excepted, are not terribly surprised—in 1984—to learn who is having an affair with whom, let alone who isn't.

Of the qualities which helped the author produce "Gidget Goes To De-

troit," naïveté must come high on the list. An example:

The board of directors was meeting August twenty-third and Agee wanted my report written well before then. By August third I had my forty-five page single-spaced opus ready to send to the printer. Agee wanted to read it first. "Can I take it home with me tonight?" "Why not?" I said.

I knew why not. Because then he would find out I was a fraud, that I really wasn't as good as I was cracked up to be. I spent the whole night worrying and felt sick the next morning when I noticed he still hadn't come in by nine. At ten he strode into my office. "May I sit down?" he asked. "Sure," I said. I waited for him to begin. "Mary," he said, "this is the first time anyone has ever made the scope of this issue clear to me," he said. I felt my face get red.

"You like it?" I asked, meaning, tell me more. "It's fabulous," he said. "The board's going to love it. And to think you didn't know anything about pensions when you began."

Dear friends, this is what *42nd Street* would sound like if it were a corporate musical. It is easy to imagine our Mary, with a ribbon in her hair, exclaiming, "Let's paint the barn and put on a friendly takeover!"

Cunningham's naïveté is perceptual as well as experiential. "How was I to know that even the chairman of Bendix wasn't invincible?" she asks, and I can tell you from the context that she is not being light or even sarcastic. She is serious. The primary purpose of *Powerplay* is to persuade the reader that there was no romance at the time the gossips said there was, and its secondary objective is to get even with all the people Cunningham and Agee believe done 'em wrong. No slight goes unrecorded and the air of ill will is palpable. When she first interviews at Bendix, for example, Cunningham meets Agee's executive team, none of whom she likes. She then asks Agee, "Whom do you rely on?" "None of them," he says. And later: "Agee had let me know that I'd done my job better than either Winograd or Howe." Casual stuff, but petty. The serious sniping is reserved for Bendix executives Bill Panny, Robert Purcell, Nancy Reynolds, Pete Peterson and Mike Blumenthal, which creates another sort of problem:

Cunningham is burying the hatchet in the backs of former colleagues, but they are *obscure* former colleagues, and inside gossip that's not glamorous is boring.

There's a lot of strange stuff in here for a book subtitled *What Really Happened at Bendix*. Much of it made me wonder if Cunningham has any discretion at all. She goes out of her way to make Agee's parents and younger sister sound totally unappealing. The passages on Agee's daughter are truly tasteless and do actual mischief to the young woman. She does a nice job, as well, on the former Mrs. Agee. Describing their first meeting, Cunningham writes, "She extended a cold hand." This clues us in that the wife she will replace is not a bouncy, great girl beloved by all. When Cunningham asks Diane Agee if she likes New England, the answer is, "I don't know. . . . I don't remember." As Cunningham's then husband, Bo, explained it to her, Diane wasn't being hostile, "She'd just been to one too many corporate dinner parties." Or out to lunch.

Mary Cunningham does not monkey around with modesty—false or otherwise. She tells us many times, and in many ways, that she is smart and capable: "The reorganization didn't take much time. I changed around a few titles and lines of command and had things running smoothly by July. It was the sort of thing an outside consultant would charge \$50,000 to do, take six months to complete and convey his recommendations in a six-volume report. My staff and I managed to do it in a few days." We are left to ask why, if Cunningham was so talented, she was bounced out for being chummy with Agee. (David Begelman was caught *stealing*, for heaven's sake, and Columbia still tried to hang onto him because he was valuable to the company.) Her answer, in effect, is this:

How many times did I go into a meeting with Bill, and because my job was to make the chairman look good, not raise my hand when I had a good idea? I'd wait until after the meeting and offer my suggestions to Bill. Then, at the next meeting, when he'd make them, everyone would say, "Brilliant!" People would praise Bill and Bill would praise me. That's how it worked. The problem with such a system was that it didn't let other people at Bendix know just how much work I did.

Margo Howard, former syndicated columnist, is an author and critic.

This sounds like a Handmaiden Trainee Program to me, but I didn't go to business school.

Cunningham relies on two excuses by now worn threadbare in our therapeutic culture. The first is that most troubles can be attributed to success. "The day I was admitted to the Century Club, an elite organization for Harvard students considered the most promising by their professors, was the day I lost most of my friends. . . . My success at job interviews further sealed my doom." The second, a corollary of the first, is that unprincipled people can turn you into a victim, and it is the victim theory that she embraces to explain why both she and Agee—at different times—were eased out of Bendix. I guarantee you she did *something* to get in her own way, but her inability to believe this hobbles the book.

Even the most elementary connections escape her. She can make her drive for success understandable to us, as in the following passage, but she seems not to understand it herself:

Certainly it wasn't a career in business I had in mind for myself when I made my first step out into the real world, which, in 1969, meant the perfectly manicured green lawns of a collegiate environment. Business was the farthest thing from my mind during the first of my formative college years. . . .

The fact that I was at the lower end of the Wellesley social stratum was made painfully clear to me in my first introductory economics class. The instructor had everyone write on a slip of paper her family's income, which she then proceeded to graph on a bell-shaped curve. There, way over to the left on the curve, was my number, the only figure in the less-than-\$5,000 category.

Cunningham seems unaware of other connections as well. She writes, "I was in awe of Agee. I never looked at him as

a man. He was my boss!" This is cute, but does not bespeak integrated thinking. She remarks that the first she heard of Bill Agee was that he was "powerful and interesting." "I'd started to read case studies about Bendix. Every time I came across Agee's name, it was qualified by words like *Wunderkind*, 'whiz kid,' 'boy wonder.'" A woman who worked at Bendix described him "as if he were the Paul Newman of the corporate world." Another executive at Bendix is described as "young, handsome and personable, like Agee." The personnel director, however, asked Cunningham when she'd see her in the halls, "Had enough of his chipmunk smile yet?" This, to me, seems a more realistic appraisal of Agee's looks, but in any case he clearly is, and was early on, her hero. It is remarkable that this fact eluded her. Admittedly not a sophisticated woman, she seems not to be aware that she has *always* been reaching for the brass ring.

Cunningham's overreaction to the gossip about her and Agee is striking. She writes, "People who have never even met me feel they know what I'm like. You spend hours explaining away a version of yourself that isn't true." But why did she care so much? If *she* knew she wasn't promoted in the bedroom, whence this compulsion to straighten out the misinformed—many of them strangers? I suspect it comes from her background, and an ambivalent attitude toward sin. Her history made her different from nearly everyone she knew. Her quietly controlling mother and the influence of the Roman Catholic Church molded the young Mary into a bookish wallflower with the demeanor of Goody Two Shoes and the aspirations of a saint. She does seem to recognize the difference between herself and her peers. When she was in high school, in the 1960s, she recalls, "While everyone was going off in the direction of revolution, I was placed under even stricter controls."

Her upbringing was unusual in another way: "I had grown up hearing the powerful sermons of Father Bill, the Monsignor who had provided a guiding hand in my upbringing." When Mary was 5½, her mother divorced her father and took her four children to Hanover, New Hampshire, "knowing that our faithful relative, Father Bill, would help us." Cunningham recalls that in Hanover she was always introduced as "Father Bill's niece." She does not ac-

tually say, however, that he is her uncle and from her description of her family, my instinct is that he is not. In any case, he was clearly a close friend of Mary's mother, and the man who functioned as her father. "I brought home As, which pleased my mother, but they never seemed enough for Father Bill. If I were to have nine As and one B, he'd say, 'How do you explain that one B?'" During her last year in high school, Cunningham reports, it didn't dawn on any of the boys to ask her out. "It wasn't just that I was shy and virtuous. Anyone who asked me out risked being interviewed by Father Bill, and that was an ordeal few adolescent boys cared to face."

As Mary gets older, Father Bill is reported accompanying the family to the Cape, San Francisco and Idaho. I do not wish to read this as a psychobiography, but the unusual involvement of Father Bill in Cunningham's life could not have been without emotional result; you do not have to be a training analyst to make a connection between her sheltered childhood, the priest who acted as a co-parent and some of the events of her later life—especially her interest in forbidden partners. (Her first husband was black; her second was married.)

Maybe it's the dialogue or the deliberate naïveté, but *Powerplay* doesn't seem to be populated by grown-ups. Even the corporate power grabs have a kidlike quality to them. Unless I read it wrong, Mary Cunningham declared herself Bill Agee's lover when they had *kissed* and nothing more. If her understanding of sexual intimacy is not mine, neither is her humor. She writes that when she began to feel confident in Agee's company she was able to joke with him. "So what's your opinion on this one, Cunningham?" he'd challenge me. "Oh, I think it's full of prunes, Agee," I'd say, and we'd both crack up."

Since *Powerplay* is so personal, Cunningham tries, at the end, to make her subject larger than herself. The book concludes with a lecture about women in positions of authority and about the frequent irresponsibility of the press. "Part of the problem, I think, is that women aren't taught the things they need in the business world. We're taught about virtue, not about power; about goodness, not about strength." Nuts. There are lots of women who may not have been "taught" these things, but they know them; they learned them somehow.

G.O.P. Elephant Jokes

Q. What's the name of the elephant who flew to China?

A. Dumbo. What else?

Q. If elephants are so afraid of mice, why do they loan them money?

A. Mice is the plural of *Meese*.

Hugo Flesch

Mary Cunningham's first mistake, I think, was caring so much what people thought. Her second may have been writing the book. She is not comfortable with words and she may have revealed much that she never intended. As for all the settling of old scores, there's an odd little coda to the book

which I found revealing. Having spent so many of her pages railing against stereotypical prejudices directed at women, Cunningham includes the following notation in the epilogue, sort of an enemy update: "Michael Blumenthal married his former executive assistant, a woman half his age." □

Frontyard, Backyard

JOANNE KENEN

VIOLENT NEIGHBORS: El Salvador, Central America, and the United States. By Tom Buckley. *Times Books*. 368 pp. \$17.95.

Violent *Neighbors* contains little to educate an expert. But as there are too few experts on Central America—particularly among the authors of U.S. policy—this highly readable portrait of the region is welcome.

Policy-makers, however, are unlikely to read the book, at least not past page 12. That's where Buckley, who covered the Vietnam War for *The New York Times*, describes his encounter in El Salvador with Richard Scammon, an election adviser imported by the State Department shortly before the March 1982 Constituent Assembly elections. At a luncheon meeting of the Salvadoran-American Chamber of Commerce, Scammon spoke on fraud prevention and the glories of democracy. Buckley began to doze, wondering why Scammon and his spiel seemed so familiar. He then recollected that they had met before: same speech, different setting, Saigon 1967.

It is an apt beginning for this book, where *déjà vu* is an underlying theme. There are, of course, important differences between our involvement in Central America and in Vietnam. One is that the debate over U.S. involvement in Central America is intensifying at an earlier stage. By letting us know what we are meddling in and why our meddling is making matters worse, books like *Violent Neighbors* help keep the debate informed.

Obviously no one book can account for the character and complexity of the Central American nations, and this volume has its flaws: a somewhat

simplistic interpretation of why the Alliance for Progress failed; a naïvely benevolent view of the influence and intentions of fundamentalist Protestant sects; chapters on Belize and Mexico so superficial as to be superfluous. Much of what Buckley reports is not new, but *Violent Neighbors* is nonetheless a useful, articulate and generally accurate overview of events in the region during the last few years. Buckley is a fine writer, with a good ear for anecdote. He manages to capture not only the tragedy of Central America but much of its beleaguered and enduring humanity as well.

There is a great deal of history in *Violent Neighbors* and its lessons are conveyed admirably. Buckley travels back to the Spanish court intrigues and wartime alliances of the colonial era, discusses early patterns of racism that continue to afflict the Indians and mestizos and recounts how warfare among the five countries became a way of life, almost a ritual, long before the hitherto neglected isthmus was metamorphosed into the cornerstone of U.S. security. Nor does he ignore the role—either as hemispheric loan shark, neighborhood bully or overprotective mother—that the United States played when it began to attend to the region.

Violent Neighbors is clearly unfriendly to what Buckley calls the "gangland governments" that have dominated Central America (except for Costa Rica) and to the U.S. policies that have upheld them for decades. He states, quite correctly, that the current crisis cannot be traced to Cuban and Soviet snakes in the tropical grass. The constant themes of his narrative are the poverty, the oppression and the corruption responsible for the turmoil in Central America. Yet Buckley makes no secret of his anticommunism, although his brand lacks the paranoid zeal that prevails in Washington. In Nicaragua, for instance, he mars his interview with

iSpeak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

- **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, \$125.
- **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, \$110. (Conn. and NY residents add sales tax)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 1-800-243-1234.

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order—or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is **unconditionally guaranteed**. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

112 courses in 35 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 12th year.

Audio-Forum
Room 428
On-the-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM®

Joanne Kenen is a writer who lived in Central America from 1980 to 1983.

Minister of the Interior Tomás Borge with suspicious comments about how Borge won't own up to his Marxism. In El Salvador, the focus of the book and the country in which Buckley evidently did his best reporting, José Napoleón Duarte is limned in a far more heroic light than is Guillermo Ungo, a Social Democratic leader of the Democratic Revolutionary Front, the rebels' political arm. Preference for reform over rebellion may be noble, but Buckley's faith in it—especially given what he has written about the intractable ruthlessness of the right, its narrow definition of social change and our own government's resurrection of the big stick—seems overly optimistic.

In the epilogue, written shortly before the book went to press last October, Buckley acknowledges how slim the chance for peaceful change in Central America has become. He seems to have

assured himself that the Sandinistas, despite their flaws, have not re-created Eastern Europe, while he finds the United States closer than ever to re-creating Southeast Asia. "The big question in the United States may be whether it is getting itself involved in another Vietnam War in Central America," he writes, "but down there, it's like asking if the Pope is a Catholic, or are we having tortillas and beans for lunch today." The Reagan Administration, he asserts, has neither sought peace nor shown convincing support for those, like the Contadora group, in a position to negotiate. Sadly, Buckley's worst-case scenario—United States military intervention that will turn local guerrilla wars into a regional conflagration—seems more likely every day. Should that come to pass, the only peace Central America can look toward, he writes, is "the peace of desolation." □

long-term confidence is a more solid ground for achievement than either pandering to their whims or defying their expectations. This apparent paradox—that power grows by cutting it back—is far removed from the hydraulic view of power that fills so much of modern political writing, the view that power is drained away by so many vents and leaks that one should acquire the largest *amount* of it at every opportunity.

According to Wills, America in the late eighteenth century needed a heroic image to consolidate an emerging sense of nationhood. Washington understood that, his countrymen understood that. What was needed was a hero who personified secular, civil authority in the new country. This need, Wills writes, explains why the country early on rejected mythologies which likened Washington to Moses (too religious) and to Caesar (too imperial, too brutish). Ultimately, America settled on the mask of Cincinnatus, the Roman military leader who, after saving Rome, relinquished the dictatorship to return to his plow.

But why a mask at all? According to Wills, virtue was, in Washington's age, a public commodity—one that required an idealized public image modeled on a classical hero. The age of the Founding Fathers rejected "monkish" virtues, unpublicized acts of service that looked toward heaven for recognition. The virtuous citizen of the Enlightenment sought to acquire "character," public recognition, in essence, fame. Fame was, writes Wills, both the progenitor of and the reward for virtuous acts.

A Jesuit-trained classicist, Wills drew acclaim in 1972 with *Bare Ruined Choirs*, his observations on trends within the Roman Catholic Church. Since then, he's expanded his turf with books on domestic politics, the Kennedys, Nixon, Jefferson and Hamilton. It's no accident that his frequent tense of choice is that which copy editors call the historic present: "He [Washington] tells us later what care he took to underline the meaning of his act." For at its best, Wills's work marries journalism to scholarship and delivers a shrewd ratiocination of lost world views.

In his 1978 *Inventing America*, Wills recovered the language of eighteenth-century science and made Jefferson's Declaration of Independence more accessible. In *Cincinnatus*, he does the same for Washington's "likeness" by recovering the language of neoclassical esthetics and showing us what Washing-

The Prudent Icon

TOM CHAFFIN

CINCINNATUS: George Washington and the Enlightenment. By Garry Wills. Doubleday. 272 pp. \$18.95.

In 1777, the sculptor William Rush stood on a battlefield near Princeton, New Jersey, and saw an American retreat from British forces reversed by the mere arrival of George Washington on the scene. "At the moment," Rush later recalled, "his likeness was worth more guineas than the British would have given for his person."

In *Cincinnatus*, Garry Wills probes the making of that "likeness"—in Washington's day and afterward—by the hero himself, by biographers and by the young nation that demanded it.

No simple task: Washington comes to us blandly idealized—stern, humorless, the embodiment of Calvinist probity, a man of coldest marble. His image seems at once authoritarian and trivial: He is the unsmiling patron saint of school principals, but his is also the face that launched a thousand Bicentennial drinking glasses.

Approaching his antiquated heroism, moderns are bound to feel slightly

awkward, like the speaker in Wallace Stevens's "The American Sublime," who confronts the equestrian statue of General Jackson:

How does one stand
To behold the sublime,
To confront the mockers,
The mickey mockers
And plated pairs?

In *Cincinnatus*, Wills confronts with scholarly aplomb both the mickey mockers and the Bicentennial drinking glass peddlers. Not a biography but a short, thoughtful meditation on power and morality, *Cincinnatus* concerns heroism—specifically, the Enlightenment's notion of heroism and how Washington came to embody it. According to Wills, what Washington's contemporaries most valued was not his military prowess but his reluctance to accept, and keep, political power. To understand Washington's apotheosis as father of his country, Wills suggests, look not to the victories of Trenton and Yorktown. Look instead to the three acts that best summed up Washington's character to his own age: his resignation as Commander in Chief in 1783, his role as a framer of the 1787 Constitution and his resignation of the Presidency in 1796:

Washington realized that power is a tree that grows by a constant prudent trimming; that winning the people's

Tom Chaffin lives in San Francisco and is a contributing editor of *Pacific News Service*.

ton meant to his own age. From Weems to Addison to Peale, it is an impressive tour, and Wills, who derives much strength from his eclectic learning as both classicist and American studies specialist, remains one of our classier acts. □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom

When we last encountered Indiana Jones, he was an effective, if premature, antifascist, snatching the Lost Ark from a clutch of villainous Nazis who would use its powers to defeat democracy. But times have changed; the villains have darker skins and meaner metaphysics now. The intrepid archeologist has returned to wreak the white man's revenge on the Third World, which is using its natural treasures to obliterate the West, that region of vast wealth and limitless production values stretching oceanward from the Hollywood Freeway as far as the eye can see.

"The Hebrew god will fall," intones Thuggee high priest Mola Ram (Amrish Puri), made up to look like Bombay television's version of Louis Farrakhan. "The Christian god will be cast down. Kali will rule the world." Mola Ram's idea for *Religion and the Fall of Capitalism* involves the use of a sacred amulet of diamonds which illuminates an idol's nose: an allusion, perhaps, to the effects of the recreational drug favored on film sets. In any case, Indy vows to return the charm to a village of wretched lower peasants very much down on their luck. He has his work cut out for him.

On second thought, forget the subtext. The Lucasfilm leviathan has less on its corporate mind than meaning or message. *The Temple of Doom* is a movie about money—how to make it and spend it; and about crowd control—how to organize the 100 million or so bodies that will attend this blockbuster into orderly lines on the sidewalk, at the ticket booth, in front of the popcorn machine, at the ladies' and gents' and to the exit. It is enormously successful in both those undertakings.

Beyond that, if there is a world beyond the box office, *The T of D* is a stupendous exercise in moviemaking,

and pretty amazing fun for much of two hours. The first twenty minutes are as wild and wonderful as anything committed to 70-millimeter stock: stylish mayhem in a Shanghai nightclub, semi-free fall from a pilotless plane above the Himalayas, dizzying descents over snow and water, and a perilous passage to India. The action teeters for a moment in the village of the damned, but that fulcrum is passed and Indy (Harrison Ford) is off to Thuggee GHQ. For side-kicks he has a ditsy dancer from Shanghai (Kate Capshaw) and the orphan waif, Short Round (Ke Huy Quan). Their quest will carry them over the usual obstacle course of spiders,

bats, snakes, alligators, fiery pits and thundering torrents, not to mention nauseating dinners (slop of the day: monkeys' brains in vivo), ritual human sacrifices and battles with whole divisions of bad guys dressed to the nines.

Doom happens one year earlier than *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, but George Lucas and director Steven Spielberg have suffered some unfortunate regressions in the three years before the prequel. In that effort, the woman in Indy's life (Karen Allen) was fresh, smart and tough. She ran the rowdiest saloon in Nepal with an iron glove over a velvet fist and could drink any boorish boozier under the table. This time

A NEST OF MICE

The blackened, dew-wet fingers of the glove
I found to wear that morning
in my grandmother's potato bin give

again the chill I found as I lifted that brood
from her cellar one lost day in March.
Five blind thumbs. I heard Hampton Roads,

its marsh tips stroked by the wind, its wail
and hiss like shadows over docks long
rotted where slaves stood once for sale.

I listened. I did as I had been told.
Gasoline is quick, it severs
the life purely, it gathers up the gold

of flesh consumed. Today in my garden parched
by drought, I weed with those old hands.
Fierceness of fire will scour out the worst,

they said, but I find tracks in the rows.
The duskfalls of Spring skitter back
like the dead. I think of her tall window

where first sun would burn through my sleep.
Through reeds wind sniffed like a dog.
In the cellar we piled apples to keep

while we hacked the earth into the furrows
for seeds, and for gleaners of seeds.
Yet all now are dead and lie under crows

black as what seeps from any flushed cell
where the sun flares and daily goes out.
Under my knees I feel them holding still

in the blustery ancestral ground. I'm pouring
gas like water, the sun in my hair.
Soon it's dark, a night-kiss, the floor squeaks.

I went to bed dirty, scorched, refusing to wash.
They said he's just a boy, tired.
Their light flicked in my room, held, hushed.

Dave Smith

around, Kate Capshaw's Willie Scott is the dumbest and broadest of blondes. She shrieks at the sight of a scorpion, worries about her fingernails and her high heels and positively relishes the lash of Indy's bullwhip when he pulls her in like a stubborn heifer. Little Short Round puts her to shame. While she's tossing her Barbra Streisand curls and parading her décolletage, he's saving Indy from more than one impossible jam. It must be that boys are cool and girls are not.

Such attitudes place the movie's emotional center of gravity at about age 11, which suggests that the filmmakers have lost one year of maturity every summer since 1981. The problem seems to lie with screenwriters Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz, who bloomed in Lucas-town with *American Graffiti* and can't lose its jejune sensibility. Worse, their ear is tinny, especially when they listen for Capshaw's airhead remarks. By comparison, Lawrence Kasdan's script for *Raiders* was a clever concoction of childish perceptions and adult syntax, even if the mix was good for little more than a dope rap session in his *Big Chill*. Whatever's the matter, the Lucasfilm crew had best reverse their direction. If they follow the present vectors, the next number in the Indiana Jones series will be set in a day-care center.

Before Spielberg options that idea (see my agent) he might consider the limitations of kids' stuff as projected on a giant screen. Filmmakers used to fear that such movies turn out to be merely about children but for adults; the absolute worst example of that process was Alan Parker's *Bugsy Malone*, a gangster fantasy in which no actor had yet developed secondary sex characteristics. But with Spielberg, it's the other way around: the danger is that he is making movies about adult neuroses and selling them to kids as their own.

Chief among his concerns is the problem of parental control—from mom and dad's point of view. Someone is always losing a child or two in his movies. Spidery aliens take one on board in *Close Encounters*, ghosts gobble up another in *Poltergeist*, and E.T. charms one half to death in *E.T.* We won't even talk about *Jaws*. In *The Temple of Doom*, the malevolent Thuggees make off with the entire preteen population of the cursed Indian village and put the youngsters to work in the Maharajah's mines, looking for lost amulets. The slave children are in pitiful shape, but

the audience is asked to share the anxieties of their parents and to feel their relief when Indy and the 500 kids show up in peasant suburbia after a season in hell.

Because Spielberg is a grown-up, he puts grown-up notions of sex, fear, responsibility and morality into the world of the children he portrays. That is inevitable; it's the way a white filmmaker deforms black characters and male directors remake women in their image or ideology. We know that some kids demean women like Willie Scott, that they scream at spiders and bats and that some cringe when the colored races appear. But we don't know whether they would do that if parents did not inspire them, and it's arrogant of Lucasfilm to suggest that the state of childhood nature is so graceless. □

THEATER.

PAUL BERMAN

A Moon for the Misbegotten

The 1920s entertained many fine and romantic notions, and none finer or more romantic than the notion of failed masculinity. We look on the twenties fondly for that reason; any decade that can celebrate noble failure will always be looked on fondly. According to this notion, certain men are lavish in their emotions, feel things deeply, open their hearts to love—or merely to recognition of life's cruelties—and because of this suffer greatly. They suffer unto collapse; their own grandness of feeling dooms them. Their souls burn out, and ever after they go through life staring with vacant eyes. Pathetic they might seem, but really theirs is the path of heroism. The size of their failures testifies to the depth of their souls. They limp past, they limp through the pages of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, they limp from book to book and story to story, and our hearts beat in sympathetic tune. For these are the wounded veterans of high passion and manly sensitivity.

Eugene O'Neill wrote *A Moon for the Misbegotten* rather late in the 1920s—in 1943, actually—but he set the play in 1923, which marks its proper place. And in Jim Tyrone he created a perfect figure of failed masculinity. Jim is a Broadway actor who's not working

now and has never taken up with any of the New York tarts. Instead he comes around to flirt with Josie Hogan, a peasant's daughter. But the more he flirts and the longer he hangs around, the worse off he seems to be, until finally he shows us the scar itself and we know: Jim is O'Neill's brother in pain to Hemingway's Jake Barnes. Jim's wounds are psychic, not physical, but the difference is piddling. He is crippled in the crucial place: he cannot love a woman. He gets his chance with Josie—she invites him—but the capacity to respond isn't there. Masculinity has failed entirely. The only salvation Jim can ever have is to wave briefly to Josie from the fallen rubble of his own personality and see her waving back; but that's not what you call a life.

Liquor naturally plays a part. Liquor was the flag and anthem for this kind of 1920s romanticism. In Edmund Wilson's novel of that period, the whole of Greenwich Village seems to be staggering to or from the open bar. O'Neill, of course, was the poet laureate of the open bar. Alcoholics Anonymous should probably campaign to have him banned. He showed that drinking is a sort of suicide; he didn't conceal the facts, but is suicide such a bad idea? For you, doubtless it is, and you shouldn't drink; but I, supremely sensitive soul, cannae do otherwise. Suicide beckons me. For you don't know how badly I've been wounded . . . how my passionate soul has suffered. . . . You don't know the half of it . . .

In the current revival of *Moon*, we don't in fact know the half of it, which is a problem. Everything depends on acting in this play. There's so much leaden poetry, so many long-winded speeches, so many silly plot contrivances, that the actors must fly merely to look like they're walking. Ian Bannen, the current Jim, manages nothing so impressive. His face glows with visionary light, and we feel he might indeed be a Broadway swell, might indeed love the peasant lass. The booze in his glass seems real. But what lies behind the alcohol escapes us. I don't mean the terrible sin he committed, the desecration of his mother's memory which has haunted his life. We know about that because O'Neill tells us about it. But how did Jim get in such a mess to begin with? We should feel the lavishness of his emotions, the greatness of his soul, the supreme qualities that proved too much for him and that finally brought him down. But all this remains hidden. The current *Moon* conse-

quently lacks a motor. Jim's greatness of soul should make Josie fall in love, but if the greatness is invisible, why would she do it? The man seems to whine so. You keep thinking, If only she could meet a wreck with unmistakable greatness—Jason Robards, for instance. Now there was a Jim Tyrone who really couldn't hold his liquor.

Kate Nelligan's performance as Josie is something else again. Nelligan is elegantly good-looking, which made her sensational last year in David Hare's *Plenty*, where she could dress up and act sophisticated. Striding around the *Plenty* stage with Edward Herrmann, she struck a series of lanky, elegant postures that climaxed in a long moment of silent posing, magnificent in its intensity. She merely tilted her head and body, and the scene couldn't have been more expressive.

Moon, of course, requires something different. Josie is supposed to be "a great, ugly cow of a woman"—which Nelligan never quite achieves, bovinity being her weak suit. But neither does she radiate good looks. She galumphs barefoot around the farmyard in homespun; she squats piggishly with thighs spread wide; her dull eyes glare from the middle of an earthy face. And somehow she again manages a marvelous expressiveness. Standing at the door waiting for Jim to arrive for their date, she seems to be—not panting now, but to *have been* panting, with desire and expectation, with anger that he's stood her up. Jim does arrive, they sit together on the stoop and you begin to notice her neck. Nelligan has the longest neck on Broadway. It curves down in shades of resentment. It stretches up and catches the light. The long muscles create a V-shaped shadow. The shadow ripples—and for an instant when all seems well between her and Jim, the face above that shadow smiles. Like flowers poking through the hard, parched earth, was Frank Rich's happy phrase. The good looks tell—and then we're back to parched earth, this being Eugene O'Neill.

The new production has a clever set by Brien Vahey. A conventional stage cabin sits atop a tilted circular platform with a plain curved backdrop. A cardboard-and-wire tree waves from behind the cabin, and the effect is to combine realism, in the form of the cabin, with artifice, in the form of everything else. This is a useful combination for playing O'Neill, who himself wavers between the real and the symbolic. The set also

The American Blues

TriQuarterly⁵⁹

fiction: Ward Just, Joyce Carol Oates, Jane Aumerle, Howard Norman, Gayle Whittier and others.

poetry: William Heyen, Bruce Weigl, Maxine Kumin, C.D. Wright, Ray A. Young Bear and others.

photographs: Mark Godfrey—an American portfolio, from Vietnam combat to U.S. politics.

includes: "Alberti and others," a supplement to TriQuarterly's recent "Prose from Spain."

Available at \$6.95 each at bookstores now, or from TriQuarterly, Northwestern University 1735 Benson Avenue Evanston, Illinois 60201

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of \$20 or more. Membership includes participation in a variety of Associates activities and a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*.

For further information write or call Claudine Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

This publication is available in microform.

University Microfilms International
300 North Zeeb Road 30-32 Mortimer Street
Dept. P.R. Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106 London W1N 7RA
U.S.A. England

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*.

For information, write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

M
O
V
I
N
G
?

ATTACH
MAILING
LABEL
HERE

Don't miss a single issue of **THE NATION**.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

EVENTS.

MARXIST SUMMER INSTITUTE

JUNE 25 to JULY 1

University of Minnesota, international lecturers. Choice of programs plus series on U.S. history by Herbert Aptheker. University credit available. \$80 employed. \$40 low income.

Information from Marxist Educational Press, 215 Ford Hall, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN 55455, (612) 922-7993.

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION AND CENTRAL AMERICA

Making the Link

Speakers: Rep. TED WEISS and former C.I.A. agent JOHN STOCKWELL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 6:30 to 9 PM

John Jay College
444 West 56th Street
New York City

Benefit for FOIA, Inc.

For more information, call (212) 477-3188.

NUCLEAR-FREE HARBOR?

Speakers for and against the Navy's plan to base a fleet of nuclear-armed ships in New York harbor will address a public forum: REP. TED WEISS, DAVID DINKINS, BETTY LALL, MICHIO KAKU, LOU VENECH, ED WEINSTEIN, SISTER JOAN HART, RABBI BALFOUR BRICKNER and ED OTT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 6:30 PM

Bank Street College of Education
610 West 112th Street
New York City

For more information, call (212) 334-8044.

THIRTY YEARS OF BITTER FRUIT:

The Social, Political and Economic Consequences of U.S. Intervention in Guatemala, June 1954-June 1984.

Featured speakers: RAMSEY CLARK, STEPHEN SCHLESINGER and NORMA CHINCHILLA.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 9 AM to 6:30 PM

Church of the Reformation
222 East Capitol Street
Washington, D.C.

Conference fee: \$15.

Sponsored by NISGUA (the Network in Solidarity with the People of Guatemala), (202) 483-0050.



Labor Notes Presents A Conference on:

Building Union Solidarity

June 15-17, 1984

Ypsilanti, Michigan

For further information, contact:

LABOR NOTES / P.O. Box 20001

Detroit, MI 48220 / or call (313) 883-5580

makes a striking visual image, which 26-year-old director David Leveaux complements by the way he has the actors move. Everyone on the Hogan farm seems to be spinning in place or running in circles, and with all this circular motion played against the curved backdrop and the round platform, you get the impression of circles within circles. Do the circles comment in any way on the text? Does everything have to? There's already too much commentary in *Moon*, courtesy of O'Neill. What the circular patterns do is establish a visual order for the play, which has the effect of straightening out O'Neill's messiness. The emotional weight of the play, the theme of failed masculinity, the memories of Irish poverty and oppression, all this arranges itself almost perfectly on that extremely simple and effective set. I suspect audiences who see this production will forever associate *A Moon for the Misbegotten* with Vahey and Leveaux's curves and circles. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

Many details have changed in the Baryshnikov/Anastos *Cinderella* since American Ballet Theatre took it on tour almost half a year ago, and most of them are improvements. When I compare the performance I saw during the first week of the company's spring season at the Met with those I saw last December at Washington's Kennedy Center, the most obvious difference is in the dancers' energy and commitment: in New York they look as if they're trying to put the show over. The other changes are largely matters of accent rather than structure. Pas de deux have been switched, props have been upgraded, transitions have been streamlined. The whole production is faster by about twenty minutes. There are fewer special effects, but the ones that remain work on cue. I do miss the heroine's ballgown soaring away at midnight, although in Washington the wire always showed and the gown's flight resembled that of a pollen-laden bee. In New York, the masked latecomers at the ball simply spread their capes and a moment later the disenchanted Cinderella runs into view, wearing her housedress again. But how much livelier the scene is now. Her

actor's nightmare of being undressed in public is dramatized in the ebb and flow of her attempts to flee and in the courtiers' looming up on each chime of Prokofiev's score to seal off another exit. Less spectacle, more suspense.

In interviews, both Anastos and Baryshnikov have said that they're giving the public the *Cinderella* Prokofiev wrote, rather than the sentimental fantasy most people have in mind. It took me a long time to hear the score as they do—not only as a tribute to Tchaikovsky, to whom it is dedicated, but also as a sendup, in places a bitter one. But their production has opened a new, ironically distanced way of listening to the music. There are points when sweetness and bitterness are overlaid in delectable proportions, just as sometimes in the ballet the simplicity of the action is played off against a wealth of allusions. As in certain animated cartoons, such as "Daffy Duck," straight narrative, camp and elitist irony are constantly juggled. Such cohabitation of low and high art can produce anxiety in an audience that's worried about being deceived by clever artists, which may account for the particularly indignant tone that has accompanied some of the ballet's recent reviews. Nevertheless, I don't understand the virulence. If you want a nineteenth-century *Cinderella* you can always read *Hard Times*.

For me, two large problems remain. One is the stolid phrasing and unemphatic shape of the choreography for the women, *Cinderella* included: they're treated as so much clay, while the men are given distinctive steps and personalities. The dance at the ball for the Prince's four friends is one example: even at the end, each man faces a different direction from his neighbor, or is placed at a unique angle or physical level. The dances for the women's seasons, Spring and Summer, are sketchy and pedestrian, while the men's dance, Autumn, has vitality and a controlling idea. This imbalance may be Prokofiev's, but it's not effective in the theater. The smallest restoration of initiative to the women proves to be a thrifty investment, yielding interest many times over, as in the new stage business that integrates *Cinderella* and the Fairy Godmother with the energetic corps during the transformations that end Acts I and II. All that's actually been added are a few runs downstage for the principals, some gestures and glances and perhaps a change in the lighting plan. In narra-

tive and psychological terms, however, the effect is to create for us a character who just may become the hero of her own life.

The second problem concerns the uncertain relationships between the dancing figures and the stage space. Part of the difficulty is Santo Loquasto's set, which tends either to dwarf the dancers or to chop up their world, partitioning them from the nourishment of center stage while also keeping a lid on their "sky." Loquasto has virtually papered over the stage (everything but the floor) with a metallic pattern of connecting octagonal plates, perhaps to embody the choreographers' notion of detachment. The plates' virtue is that they take light in unusual and complex patterns, but by the end of the three acts they're depressing, like a house whose rooms are always sealed. The choreography itself compounds the problem. The production is at its most intense when it is most intimate; its felicities and comedy are cabaret-size and could be played in a theater-within-a-theater, like that for Paul Taylor's *Snow White*. On an opera house stage, alas, the dance doesn't swell with awakened strength. Instead, it clots together, occupying this or that spot fearfully. In the ball, the couples close in and huddle over their energy, rather than expanding it. Something essential remains unresolved at the deepest imaginative level, and like a fault in the earth, it is not fixable.

The night I saw the ballet, Cinderella was danced by A.B.T. soloist Lise Houlton, daughter of the Minnesota choreographer Loyce Houlton. It was a watercolor portrait but complete in its sincerity of gesture and integrity of phrasing. Principal Robert La Fosse was the attentive Prince with a galloping, photo-finish jump; Carla Stallings was the effectively towering Fairy Godmother; Peter Fonseca was the impressive pirouette man in Autumn and double air turner at the ball. And, as Cinderella's Cat, Gil Boggs was entirely magical. He makes it clear that the major transformation of Act I isn't that of beggar to Fairy Godmother or Cinderella to princess but of a clown to a classical *danseur noble*. I loved the way that, in his grand pas de deux with Cinderella, he performed the passage of entrechat six with properly pointed toes, while in Act II the Prince, subversive that he is, did them with intentionally flexed feet. You know immediately which has the finer soul. □

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

GREENWICH VILLAGE. Charming one-bedroom apartment available July 28 through August 13, \$600. Call (212) 675-0511.

ARTISTS' GRANTS

ARTISTS! CASH GRANTS! Available all fields. Cash from foundations, corporations, governments. Ask for free valuable report. WIAL, Box 15240, Washington, DC 20003.

ASSOCIATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

BOOKS

WANTED: Used books, periodicals, pamphlets on labor, feminism, American radicalism. Libraries sought. Southpaw Books, 57 Beechglenn Street, Roxbury, MA 02119. (617) 442-5524.

LINCOLN THE ILLUMINATE, On Being the Insanity of the Man. \$10, postage \$1.25. Send check to FAUSTUS, Box 2128, South Vineland, NJ 08360.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE

By Derek Humphry (author of *Jean's Way*)

Guide to self-deliverance for the dying.
128 pp. \$11 (incl. shipping)

Hemlock Society
P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066

NEW EXCITING BOOKS

Cookbooks, poetry, social psychology, genealogy, etc. For free details, write R&M Publishing Company, Box 1276, Holly Hill, SC 29059.

THIRD WORLD RESOURCE DIRECTORY. Annotated, comprehensive listings of organizations, publications, audiovisuals on Third World regions and issues. 304 pages. \$12.95 until 7/31/84; \$17.95 thereafter. Orbis Books, Dept. NT, Maryknoll, NY 10545.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

START A PROFITABLE CAREER as a used-book dealer. Buy cheap at flea markets, sell at 400 percent profit. Over 800 titles needed now. For list and details send \$2 to: Nationwide Book Mart, 6833 South Gessner, Box 344, Houston, TX 77036.

CALLIGRAPHY

✦ Invitations Menus Quotations ✦
✦ Placards ✦
✦ Advertisements ✦
✦ Posters ✦
✦ Certificates ✦
✦ Loveletters ✦
Calligraphy
for all occasions
Call or write for a free estimate

Margo Dittmer (212) 777-4053
332 East 11th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

EDUCATION

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES a year while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

FILM

URGENT! Funding needed by July for documentary film about Reagan's manipulation of media. Donations are tax-deductible. Please contact filmmakers at (201) 333-8695.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES

Brain-teasers by Frank W. Lewis, collected in book #4. Send \$4 ppd. to E.S. Lewis, 1620 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford, MA 02746.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES

Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

MERCHANDISE

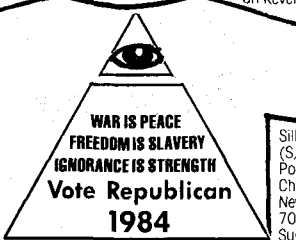
"NO MORE! No Vietnam War in Central America!" The background of this poster, a military coffin and the inscription "No More" originated during the Vietnam War and was widely circulated. Now the well-known artist Sam Wiener, angered by the Reagan Administration's war efforts in Central America, has forcefully expressed his outrage by splashing a fiery-red protest over the original. The posters, measuring 24 1/2 by 19 1/2 inches, are printed in three colors on high-gloss paper. They are available for \$4 each, plus \$1 for postage. (Orders of 5 or more are available for \$3 per poster plus postage. Please inquire for special discounts on large quantity bulk orders.) Make checks payable to The Nation, and send to: The Nation, "No More," 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

CLASSIFIED.

MERCHANDISE

DECALS, BUMPER STICKERS, POSTERS. Humanist, environmentalist desires to serve your needs. Quotations upon request. Stas, Box 1302, Lufkin, TX 75901.

RONALD REAGAN IS WATCHING YOU
(on Reverse Side of T-Shirt)



1984 T-SHIRTS
Beautiful Red
Silkscreened 2 Sides
(S, M, L, XL) \$9.95
Post Paid. Send
Check or m/o
Newspeak Designs
70 Greenwich Av.
Suite 410E, NYC 10011

PERSONALS

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS, all ages, seek enlightened correspondence, lasting relationships. Details: SCANNA-N, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles. Lowest fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

ORIENTAL WOMEN wish to correspond with Americans. Cherry Blossoms, Box 1021NA, Honokaa, HI 96727.

SINGLE PROFILE NEXUS creates a nationwide network of cultured singles. Box 19983, Orlando, FL 32814.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with America's oldest weekly journal of opinion? Join The Nation Associates, and participate in a variety of activities with dedicated readers like yourself. See The Nation Associates ad in this issue.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR for progressive foundation in Northwest. Minimum five years' experience as community organizer or director of public interest organization. \$18,000 to \$25,000 plus benefits. Start October 1. Resume by July 2: ATR Job Search, 301 Lloyd Building, Seattle, WA 98101.

PUBLICATIONS

If you missed any of The Nation's special issues the first time around, you can order reprints on such timely subjects as Latin America, Disarmament and the Middle East. See the Reprint ad in this issue.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, \$30. PO Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, 100-page Historic Preservation Resourcebook. Special prices for bulk orders.

"FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS." This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy \$5, 10 copies \$40, 50 copies \$150, 100 copies \$250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

THE ROSENBERG DEBATE TAPES. The historic debate, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at Town Hall on October 20, can now be purchased in typed transcript and/or cassette tape form. Complete transcripts are available for \$24 each; tape cassettes are \$19 each. Special discounts are available on orders of five or more. Send check or mail order payable to The Nation to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. If you'd like more information, call Mr. Monaco at (212) 242-8400. (A project of The Nation Institute.)

FREE 61-page pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment," with \$4 for one-year subscription to biweekly socialist newspaper. The People (N), 914 Industrial Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

THE SESQUIPEDALIAN: Language monthly devoted to etymology, usage, vocabulary. \$12 yearly. 706 NE 18th, Oklahoma City, OK 73105.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for \$1 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

RECIPES

DELICIOUS—12 unusual recipes from Cooke's Cozy Kitchen, Volume 1. Low-cost dishes that make expensive-tasting meals! Send \$1.50 to Cooke Klein, Box 604, New York, NY 10040.

ZUCHINI DELIGHTS! Recipes for using zucchini in many delicious and different ways—not just in breads. Beat the harvest! Send \$3 cash or money order to A.C. Kammerzell, Zucchini Delights, Box 5882, Tacoma, WA 98405.

RELIGION

UNSAVED DEAD—hope for them? FREE 80-page color book. Bible Standard (NA), Chester Springs, PA 19425.

JESUS FICTIONAL—NEVER EXISTED! Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels: \$4—Vector, Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98008.

SUMMER READING

ATTENTION BOOKSELLERS: THIS SPACE FOR SALE!

The June 23 issue of **The Nation** will be devoted to Summer Books, encompassing not only those "fat books" that one doesn't usually get around to reading until summer but reviews of major spring titles as well.

The copy deadline for Classifieds is June 6. Our rates remain embarrassingly low: 80¢ per word for a regular Classified message and \$35 per column inch for a Display Classified. In addition, if you order insertions in 3 issues, we give you a 4th insertion FREE!

So if you want to give your book sales a shot in the arm without shooting your advertising budget in the foot, place a Classified in our June 23 Summer Books issue. Can you afford not to?

SUMMER RENTALS

SAG HARBOR. Charming whaling captain's cottage available July 28 to August 18 for \$1,500. Write Box 1432, Sag Harbor, NY 11963, or call (516) 725-0257 Thursday-Sunday.

ATTENTION GETTERS!

The Nation Classifieds are just that. Over 210,000 creative, involved and interested people read and respond to our Classified section each week. And our prices are incredibly reasonable. So if you want to get people's attention, fill out the coupon opposite this page and mail it in *today!*

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in **THE NATION**:

RATES: \$.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: \$35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free!

TO: THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for \$_____ for my advertisement to run _____ weeks

Advertiser _____

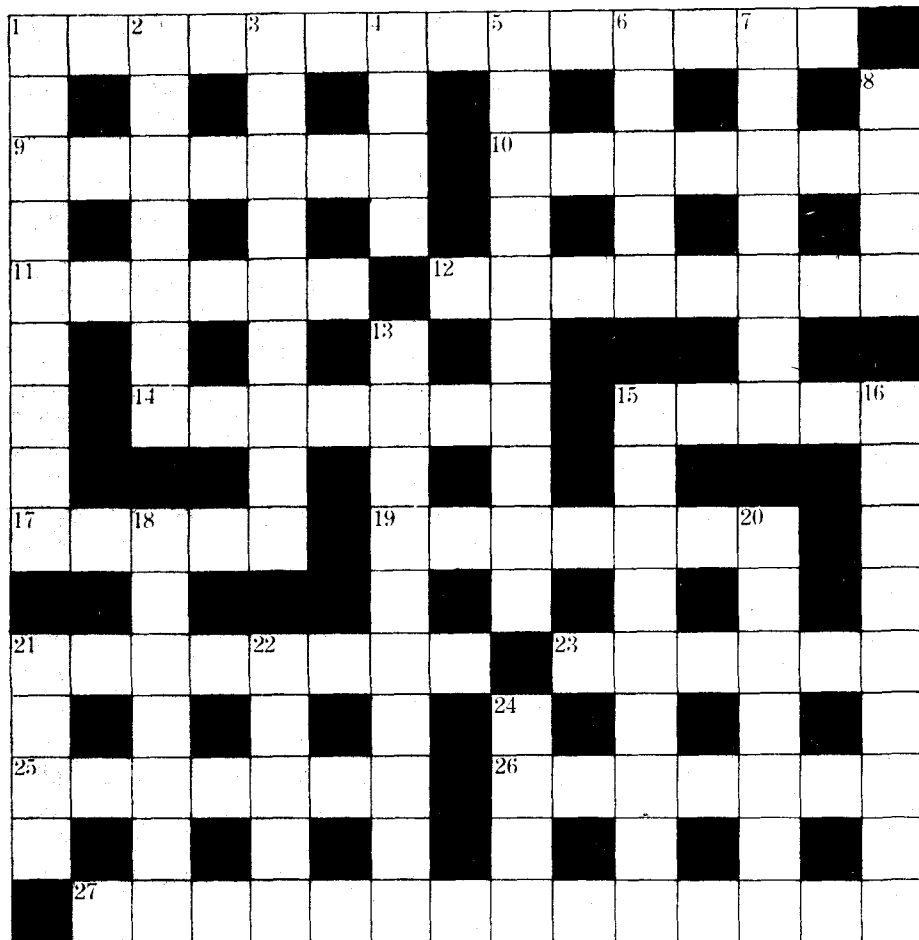
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

Crossword Puzzle No. 2012

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

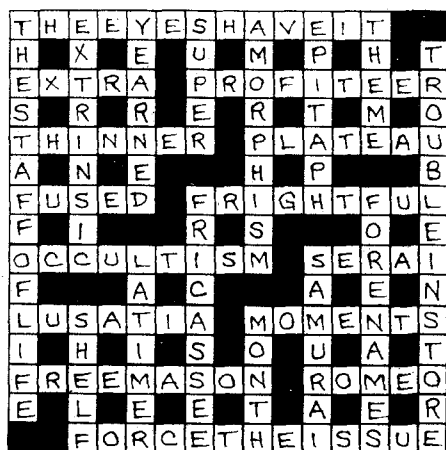
- 1 See 3 down
- 9 It's the wrong set of rules to royalty, when out for a stroll. (7)
- 10 A requirement to keep a weapon commonly might be denied. (7)
- 11 Till he had some merry ones? (6)
- 12 See 3 down
- 14 Fafnir perhaps has nothing inside but a soldier! (7)
- 15 Those who string things up in rows? (5)
- 17 And so this was Pepys! (2,3)
- 19 Such material shows a little girl is very clever. (7)
- 21 Owing to the bridge position, this might be up on the map. (3,5)
- 23 See 3 down
- 25 A foul ball Ike found rather pleasing! (7)
- 26 There's a certain ratio with one bad girl to a thousand like John Alden! (7)
- 27 Silly, my cat eats hash very methodically! (14)

DOWN

- 1 Not the same old run of the mill product! (9)
- 2 Everything in a small amount of liquor comes up, so duck! (7)
- 3, 16, 18, 12, 1 across and 23 In my case, your calling (however unpleasant) leaves me with no bad feeling! (6,3,6,3,5,2,5,3,5,4,5,4,2)
- 4 Ill gain? That's what a Nordic girl might get you! (4)
- 5 If you are, you could give ground, though you might not want to. (4-6)

- 6 It used to be worth ten dollars, which is quite a bit below par! (5)
- 7 Esculent, altered to be a late version. (7)
- 8 The return of the season, according to what Bok did. (4)
- 13 Most wander haphazardly toward the sea. (10)
- 15 What's that damned thing, according to Vanderbilt? (3,6)
- 16 and 18 See 3
- 20 Accidental, perhaps, but not artificial. (7)
- 21 Told badly by an idiot? (4)
- 22 Curved path—alternatively part of it. (5)
- 24 Touches up a little marital trouble, perhaps. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2011



The Nation Mart

MARSHALL ARISMAN POSTER

only \$4.00
(includes postage).

A limited edition poster of Marshall Arisman's graphic reaction to the Reagan administration is the perfect gift for a friend, or for yourself. Arisman's drawing originally appeared on the cover of *The Nation's* January, 1981, Inauguration issue, E. P. Thompson's "Letter to America." The poster, measuring 16.5" x 24", is printed on fine coated stock.



SAVE THE NATION

If you find that you have stacks of *The Nation* that you just can't part with, here are two ways to protect your back issues. Choose either an attractive library case or a binder, both in orange, scuff-resistant Kivar and embossed with *The Nation* logo. Each holds six months—safe from dust and wear—at a bargain price.

BINDERS

1 for \$7.50
3 for \$21.75
6 for \$42.00

LIBRARY CASE

1 for \$5.95
3 for \$17.00
6 for \$30.00

THE NATION SINCE 1865

These 100% cotton T-shirts come in black with white lettering front and back.



Four sizes,
S-M-L-XL,
are available.

only \$7.95
(includes postage)

ORDER FORM

Qty.	Item	Total
	Marshall Arisman Poster	
	Binder(s)	
	Library Case(s)	
	T-Shirt(s) ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL	

Total Enclosed *

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

* N.Y. Residents please add appropriate sales tax.
Mail check or money order to The Nation
Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
10011.

NM8422



**Alexander Cockburn on the PRESS.
 Andrew Kopkind on the CULTURE WARS.
 Penny Lernoux on LATIN AMERICA.
 Stephen F. Cohen on the SOVIET UNION.
 Mindy Aloff on DANCE.
 Christopher Hitchens on WASHINGTON.
 Bird and Holland on GLOBAL POLITICS.
 Calvin Trillin on UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.**

The voices of dissent speak out in *THE NATION*.

The Reagan Administration is not funny; what it's doing to the country, and the world, is very serious. The voices of dissent must speak out. And the best place to hear them is in *The Nation*.

The Nation has been questioning the abuses of power for 119 years. And there has never been a greater need for it than now. *The Nation* conducts its own investigations, reports the kind of news Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jerry Falwell don't release through the national wire services, and serves as the forum for the leading voices of dissent on the critical issues of our time.

If you think these voices are important, join your voice to theirs and subscribe to *The Nation*. There's a reduced introductory rate for you. And as a gift for friends, too.

Add your voice to ours.

Special Introductory Rate for New Subscribers.

THE NATION
 BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for \$15, a savings of 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

- ☐ Double my savings. Send a full year for \$28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with **FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!**
☐ Please bill me later.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Add: Canada and Mexico: \$3.50/24 issues, \$7/one year;
 Other Foreign: \$6.50/24 issues, \$13/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

SEND THE NATION TO A FRIEND!
 (And save \$3.)

Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just \$15 for the first and \$12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

- ☐ Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ subscription(s).
 (Extend each subscription **FOUR FREE ISSUES.**)
☐ Bill me later.

D8422

D8422

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED